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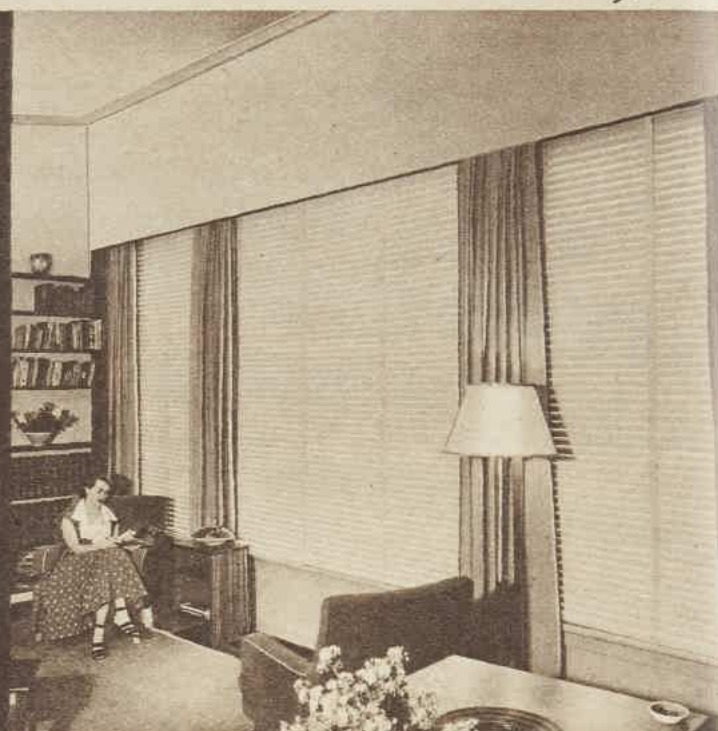
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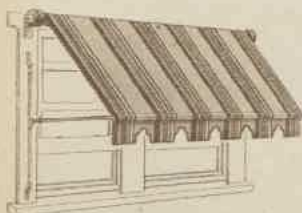
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the little dog laughed

1 JUL 1950
NEW SOUTH WALES

BY

FRANCES
RICHARDSON

QUICKLY the man and the dog walked along the country road where the autumn scents of damp earth and burning leaves were now giving way to an insidiously agreeable fragrance of rabbit stew. The dog stopped.

He was a whitish, short-haired, truculent-looking dog with a blunt nose and round eyes and the powerful chest of a hunter. His master, on the other hand, was a slight man, mildly untidy in corduroy trousers and frayed blue tie, who carried a satchel stamped Steve Mortimer in his right hand, and, in his left, an awkward bundle looking like a jacket wrapped around pyjamas and secured with a leather lead.

His observant grey glance now followed the dog's gaze to the modest inn standing back beneath the elms.

"No good to us," he said briefly. "Come on!"

The dog sat down and looked mulish; from the side of his mouth flopped a wedge of pink tongue.

"Come on!" repeated his owner, yanking ineffectually at the dog's collar. They were both hungry.

"What sort of terrier's that?" demanded a voice. "What do you call him?"

She stood at the inn doorway, a smooth-haired, smooth-skinned girl with the look of a greyhound—or, when you saw her eyes, of a deer. Above her head was a board on which Clarissa Faulkner stood out in newly painted letters from the information as to what she might sell and, above the board, was a tangled climbing rose. Steve took off his disgraceful hat.

"His name is Trump," he replied politely. "He's an Old English dog."

"Oh," she looked doubtful. "Oh, I see . . . you've not had him long."

"Well, no, but—?"

Please turn to page 4

*Selima sat on top of her post,
the most disdainful artist's model
you ever saw.*



The Australian Women's Weekly
July 22, 1950 — Page 3



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SURVEYING Steve

critically, the girl went on to explain, "You're not a bit alike. People get to look like their dogs and you've a very long way to go."

She observed his wistful glance at the unyielding Trump and added, as one administering a warning, "I once knew a woman who kept both a borzoi and a pekingese—she was mostly peke. Now, I've got an Old English cat."

"Trump," Steve assured her, "ignores cats."

"Selima," said her mistress loftily, "wouldn't see him."

And, indeed, the massive, fat-faced tabby sitting on a hitching post under the swinging sign might have been carved there for all the interest she showed.

"Though actually," Clarissa said, indicating the sign, "that's my Old English cat."

Stephen peered at the faded sign: "The Cat and Fiddle. I didn't know there was one in this part of the world."

"No one knows," said Clarissa bitterly. "Even the natives have forgotten. However," with an abrupt return to her forthright tone, "I'm keeping you. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," said Steve reluctantly and, "Come on!" to Trump, who set his jaw, and whose eyes became two marble saucers fixed upon the inn door.

"He's hungry," said Clarissa accusingly.

"We're both hungry," agreed Steve, "so we have to be getting along."

"Why?" she demanded rather swiftly. "We do lunches."

"But not for us. We have to earn it."

"How?"

"Well, the idea is—Trump edged nearer the door—"we paint an inn sign, and, while we're about it, get our keep. No further charge."

"And how many have you done?"

"None so far. They don't get the idea."

"Where did you get it?"

"Out of a book." His sudden, deprecating grin made him appear even younger and more touchingly vulnerable. "The fellow in this book must have looked more convincing than me—or perhaps they don't like Trump."

"Of one thing I am certain," pronounced Clarissa, "you'll get him no farther without his lunch. It's quite plain who's master. What made you choose a dog like that?"

"I didn't," said Steve patiently, "he adopted me. And now I really think—"

"Look," said Clarissa in the voice of a woman who has made up her mind. "Our sign can't have been repainted since we were last modernised—and that was in 1743—and I am heartily sick of this rabbit stew."

It was a very good stew. Clarissa had made it, she said, for the passing motorist who, so far, had not called. She agreed that she was a very good cook.

"That's why I thought I could run this place. It was left to me," she explained, "with a few other bits of village property which I've sold. But I didn't sell this because I fancied living in the country and there was a harman and his wife who knew the ropes."

"Last week, when I discovered how they were cheating me, they walked straight out and left me with no one but a Simple Simon, since when local custom has fallen off. Now why should it do that?" she demanded. "I'm a perfectly good barmaid—"

"Oh, I shouldn't think so," demurred Steve gently. "There are smart barmaids and matry barmaids, flirtatious barmaids and barmaids refenced, barmaids voluptuous," he enlarged happily, "even barmaids vinegary—but you're not one of them. Moreover, your clients were used to a man. Couldn't Simon, if that is his name—"

"His name," said Clarissa impatiently, "is Jehoshaphat Peck so

The Little Dog Laughed

Continued from page 3

I call him Simon; anyway, he likes it. He's prodigiously strong when it comes to shifting barrels, and he's got a green thumb and he brings the rabbits in—I honestly believe he has only to go up to the common and whistle them—but Simon as a barman, no."

"No, I see," said Steve thoughtfully. "Well, for the motorist trade, commercial travellers and the like, I could paint you a really eye-catching sign—and perhaps a couple of tubs with geraniums—something bright they couldn't miss when whizzing by. But you'd have to be careful, you can't compete with cocktails and chromium. Sound country cooking, that's your line."

He finished up the last of his stew and looked expectant. Trump passed a rapid red tongue round his plate and followed Clarissa to the kitchen, not returning when she came back with a blackberry pie.

"You don't look like a travelling painter," she gazed reflectively at Steve, her forthright manner so much at variance with her shy gazelle eyes.

"It's him, really." He jerked his head in the direction of the kitchen. "He drove me to it."

"He seems a very bossy dog," she said curiously.

And since she was both inquisitive and determined, Steve found himself telling her all about his recent one-man show in London.

Critics, on the whole, had been encouraging, but nothing very much had sold. It was at this inopportune moment that Steve had fallen in with Trump.

Trump had joined Steve in a side

"We cannot always oblige,
but we can always speak
obligingly."

—Voltaire

street, clearly hungry—although in no circumstances would that resourceful animal starve—looking as if recently knocked about and with a limp that he exaggerated every time Steve tried to be rid of him. Steve had a strong feeling that he'd seen him before but, memory proving elusive, parted with his own supper sausage on his doorstep and bade the dog a firm farewell.

Next morning, the faithful creature still being there, Steve got him as far as the police station, where he sat down firmly on the pavement, planted his forepaws, stuck out his pink wedge of a tongue—and, in a flash of recognition, Steve remembered the portrait of Hogarth with his dog Trump, and his fate was sealed.

"Hogarth's dog! They're alike as twins, an absolute throwback, might be a reincarnation! I mean, Hogarth's dog—how could I abandon him?"

So Trump got his way, and his name, but still continued to look cynically morose until, one Sunday, Steve counted his spare change and took the pair of them for the day into the country where Steve painted sunlight on a dappled pond and Trump went mad among the smells.

It was plainly the first time the dog had been into the country and it was really a foregone conclusion that, the next morning, he should set off persistently for a railway station where—to cut short the humiliating tale—defeated Steve eventually recollected this sign-painting fellow in the book, took tickets for as far as his money allowed and planned to work their way back. The rest, Clarissa knew.

He was spared her comments, however, for a loud and exasperated voice had now entered the Cat and Fiddle and was bawling, "Hi! Hi—Landlord! That fool dog yours?" Abandoning his coffee, Steve shot into the passage to find a large, red-

looking man in a ginger suit waving a hand in the direction of a stationary car full of cardboard boxes, with Trump seated in front of it in the middle of the narrow road.

"If y'don't want the durned dog run over, call 'im off!"

"Trump!" Steve marched forth with scowling mien. "Here, sir! Heel, sir! Trump!"

"I'm so sorry," said Clarissa with a cold glance for the obvious inability of Stephen to make the smallest impression on his pet. "You'll have a drink on the house while—"

"Don't want a drink! Want any dinner! And seven miles afore—"

Casually Clarissa opened the kitchen door so that the herb-scented fragrance of rabbit and onion wreathed about the head of this angrily hungry man.

"You could eat here," she suggested. "Blackberry pie to follow."

He glared at her, his natural scarlet turning an angry puce: "I could, could I?" Enraging suspicion seemed about to choke him when, in spite of itself, his pug nose twitched and unwilling admiration appeared in his eyes.

"Well, if you don't beat the band!" he exploded. "Trainin' yon owd dog to bring the custom in! Only mind—I'm a Yorkshireman and expect good food: no tinned stuff."

"Tinned stuff?" Clarissa's delicate eyebrows rose. "We can only give you country cooking here!"

"And now," said Steve, when the mellowed guest had been seen off by an almost maudlinly affable Trump, "what about Simon giving a hand with getting that sign down and me earning my keep?"

Simon was found in the garden, admiring his runner beans. He wore khaki trousers, a patched blue shirt, and a wide, sweet, silly smile. Trump fell to slobbering over his rabbit boots with panting approval.

"There's a good little ol' dawg, then!" gurgled Simon. "Happen you an' me'll go rattin' in ol' stables s'afternoon? Rats, eh?"

With a crescendo of ear-splitting barks, Trump launched himself at Simon's chest and the appointment was regarded as made, but:

"If you were here for six months," Clarissa told him discouragingly, "you might begin to get them down. As it is, we need an army of you. Now and then, Selima brings one in but she's not really interested and—so I cannot cross the stable yard at night."

Swiftly repenting this feminine confession, she demanded, "Where would you like to work? The kitchen garden would be secluded—"

"Oh, no," said Steve gently, "I don't have seclusion; I'm a draw. People come and breathe down my neck. I'm almost as good as a hole in the road. Put me out in front and you'll have half the village here by opening time."

So the signboard was set up on a chair from the bar; Selima remained aloof on her post which was where Steve wanted her since she was to be his model, and, seated on a barrel, he worked industriously, earning an occasional:

"Givin' ol' cat a lick o' paint, Mister?" as a farm waggon passed.

From behind the inn, a racket of barking and hoarse shouts proclaimed the activities of his charge and a seductively spicy smell stole upon the air to suggest that Clarissa might be baking in the kitchen.

Later the village children came straggling from school to cluster with shrill questions and elbow joggling about the artist at work, where they were presently discovered by their indignant mothers and hauled away down to the village for their tea.

Please turn to page 24

MY NAME IS MARY!

By
MARIE
RODELL

Now it was Bill's wife . . . Tommy's mother . . . What had happened to the girl named Mary?

SHE faced herself in the bathroom mirror, in the cool half-light of an autumn morning, as she brushed her hair. I shall definitely have it dyed on Monday, she thought. Grey hair is becoming to some faces—it just makes me look tired.

She put down the brush and reached for what her family called "mother's mind"—a scratch pad and pencil that hung by the head of the bathtub.

"Joke all you like," she would say, "but it's only when I'm under the shower before the rest of you are up in the morning that I've any time to think."

On the pad each morning she wrote the plan of her day. To-day—Saturday—already listed "Emergency Ladies' Aid mtg.—3 p.m. Meet Bill at club afterwards. Speak to Tommy about gulping. Market. New oilcloth for kitchen. Picasso show—last day. (This was heavily underscored.) Sale at May's—winter suit? New bathrobe."

She ought to be able to get all that in before three, with plenty of time to meet Bill after the meeting. Now, with a firm pencil, she wrote at the bottom: "Ring for hair appt. Monday." Then as an afterthought: "Prepare family." She tore the page from the pad and put it in the pocket of her housecoat.

She let the pad dangle back into place, gave her hair a last defiant brush, and left the bathroom. Bill was still asleep, sprawled face down under the blankets. She bent softly over him, pulled the blanket from his face, and smiled. It never failed to enchant her that, asleep in this fashion, hair standing straight up against the pillow, he and his young son looked exactly alike.

She tiptoed from the room. The doors to the children's rooms were still closed; but as she came to the head of the stairs the odor of fresh coffee came up to meet her. Effie was up and at work in the kitchen. She sniffed gratefully as she pushed open the kitchen door.

"Morning, Effie."

"Morning, ma'am. Coffee will be ready in a minute."

"Good; I can use some. What are we short of, Effie? I thought I'd get a leg of lamb for dinner, and chicken for to-morrow; if you'll make us a really big chocolate cake, it ought to do for the week-end. Oh, and I'm definitely going to get new oilcloth for in here to-day. Red and white check, I think; that always looks cheerful."

"Can't abide red in a kitchen," said Effie definitely. She was a spare, pointed creature of indeterminate age and very determinate ideas. "Yellow, now, or blue—red, no."

"All right, Effie. Not blue, with green

Grey hair was becoming to some people, Mary thought, but it just made her look tired.

stripes on the curtains; but I'll get you yellow. Where's the marketing list?"

List in hand, she went into the dining-room and scooped up the morning's mail from her place at the table. Three for Bill, four for herself—all dull. Before she could slit the first one open, the phone rang. Who on earth, at this hour—

"Hartford calling—just a moment, please." There was a mutter of voices, then her father's voice: "Daughter? How are you?" He never waited for answers. "Mr. Harmon is driving over your way to-day—thought I might come with him, if I won't be in the way for a few days."

"That's wonderful, father," she said. "We'd love to have you. When do you think you'll get here?"

"Oh, he aims to start around noon—we should be there by five, maybe a little earlier. Kids all right? Bill too? Good. See you later," and he hung up.

She returned to the dining-room, where Effie had now set the coffee pot on the table,

and poured herself a cup. There was a clatter on the stairs and young Tom fell into the dining-room, kissed her swiftly on the cheek, and vaulted into his chair.

"Hi, mom. What's cooking?"

"Your grandfather," she said dryly,

"Huh?"

"Your grandfather's cooking. He's coming late this afternoon."

"Spone he'll remember to bring those medals he promised to show me?"

"I hope so, dear. What are you doing to-day?"

"There's a basketball game over at Laurelton. Starts at two. Can you drive Wally and me over?"

"Can't you get a hitch with Wally instead? I've got an awful lot of things to do to-day."

"Gee, mom, I got a hitch with Wally the last two times. It's about time we gave him one. Wally's mother always—"

"Okay. I know. All right, I'll drive you over. Will you be able to get a hitch back?"

Please turn to page 26

Page 5



Australian Women

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Trends will come and trends will go . . . Yesterday "The New Look" . . . to-morrow, who knows? As world fashions whirl to the whimsies of Paris, London and New York, Australian women have evolved a "look" . . . distinctive, individual and their very own . . . "The Natural Look."

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AS WORN BY THE STARS



They stood in silence together, gazing at the shore, as their ship moved slowly home in a world of peace.

Gentian Hill

by

ELIZABETH GOUDGE

FINAL INSTALMENT

ZACHARY had been deaf to what was happening about him while he and Mike were fighting. He had not heard the shrill whistle and the sound of pounding feet as the roughs fled before the approach of the officers of the watch. He realised now that the dingy little slum alley was very quiet. There was no one here but himself and Mike and the officers.

"I killed him," he said quietly as the handcuffs snapped round his wrists. "I killed him so that he should not kill the other fellow."

He did not look at any of them, he only looked at Mike. Even when they were taking him away down the alley he still only saw Mike and the voice in his head was talking to him.

"I couldn't let you kill him, it said. You'd hate to kill a half-starved fellow who'd never had a chance. You only went for him because you were in one of your rages and didn't know what you were doing. You'd have been sick about it afterwards if you'd killed him. I had to stop you. I had to, Mike."

Then he was lying on the floor of some dark and filthy conveyance, lying as he had been

flung, bumping over the cobbles. There were three other men, and a woman, with him. The woman was sobbing and one of the men was swearing, but the other two were quiet. He was still staring at Mike's face with its closed eyes.

That was odd. Dead men's eyes were always open, until someone closed them, and no one had closed Mike's eyes.

His wits were beginning to return, and for a full five minutes he saw not Mike's face but the huddled shapes of the sobbing woman and swearing man, and the two who were quiet. He pushed himself up from the floor by his hands and heard the clink of his chains.

So they were going to prison. He had been told about the London prisons. They were places of unspeakable filth and horror and you got flung into them for any sort of offence and you waited for your trial for weeks or months. . . . And sometimes they forgot about you altogether. . . . And if they remembered you it was the law that you were hanged for almost everything.

But he had saved Mike from killing that wretched boy, even though it was at the cost of killing Mike himself. But was Mike dead? He did not know. And if they forgot about him in this dark abyss, how, then, could he possibly find out?

The moon that shone upon Zachary's fight with Mike kept Stella awake most of that night in her little room at Werkaborough. She had the feeling that it was watching some-

thing that was happening to Zachary and was trying to tell her about it.

She got up next morning heavy-eyed and anxious, and not even the thought that it was Sunday, her favorite day in the week, could cheer her up at all.

She was miserable for most of the day. And lonely, too, for her anxiety about Zachary was not a thing that she could tell to anybody.

In the evening some of Father Sprigg's cronies came in to see him, and the tobacco smoke and the conversation were so thick and loud that she and Hodge escaped out of the kitchen and across the yard to the meadow. She climbed the slope up to the hawthorn tree with dragging feet. Hodge moved beside her, his tail tucked between his legs, sharing her sorrow.

They felt better when they were settled beneath the hawthorn tree, for it was a place where they liked to be. She shut her eyes and listened to the charming sound the water made as it overflowed the pool and fell in a cascade over some mossy stones into the stream below.

She slipped her hand into her pocket and there between her fingers was a little bag of rue that had been given her by an aged villager, Granny Bogan, who was credited with powers almost of witchcraft.

Please turn to page 29

Fortune brushes for Mother & daughter too

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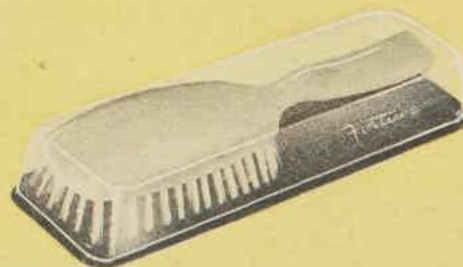
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Swing High

By
ROBB WHITE

Firmly Mike pulled Kitty up until her face was close to his. "I love you," he said.

MIKE swung gently, head down, reading Leandro's telegram again. "Discovered girl who leaps like an angel. Arriving three p.m."

Some sixty feet below him the after-hour activities of the circus went on. Two knife-throwers were on the verge of a fist fight. So were two elephants. Tigers snarled at the Hindu, and the monkeys tore off the dresses they were supposed to wear.

A chorus line tried to dance while a crew of roustabouts drove pegs. And the clowns, in dungarees, serious as professors, swatted, dunked, tripped, chased, and fell over one another.

Mike let the telegram float down into the turmoil. The normal confusion of the circus in winter quarters no longer bothered him. It had been a bad week, though. Helen Simmons pulling a shoulder muscle had left Mike and Leandro, who bossed the trapeze acts, short of a girl leaper.

Their S.O.S. to the small shows and carnivals brought nothing good enough, so, at last, Leandro went to look for himself.

A new uproar at the far end of the tent caught Mike's attention. Then he grinned as Leandro's convertible appeared, scattering animals, acrobats, clowns, and everything else in its path.

A man and a girl, both in practice tights, got out of the car. The girl was trim, gracefully built, and weighed, Mike judged, a hundred and ten. As she looked up at him, he thought for a moment that he knew her, but then decided he didn't.

The man looked up. A cold wet ripple came down Mike's back. He stopped his

swing, pulled up to a sitting position on the bar, and looked down again.

The man's black eyebrows were a solid stripe all the way across his forehead, his jowls were the same gun-black.

"Mike," Leandro called up, his soft accent almost making two syllables of it, "we have here two new members of our little family. They will leap now."

Mike nodded and swung down, wrapping his legs around the ropes of the catch bar. As he waited, all he wanted was to get down there and tell Leandro that he wasn't even going to work in the same circus with Krakauer.

Leandro, from the ground, called all the leaps in the act. Once the old man had been a great trapeze artist and now his sense of timing was far more accurate than any leaper's. He signalled when to leave the pedestal board, when to turn loose the fly bar, and sometimes, even, when to come out of a trick. He told Krakauer to do a forward-over and then, watching Mike's precise swing, he called suddenly, "Go!"

Krakauer was a fraction of a second late getting off the pedestal. It was enough to tear the timing apart.

And it brought back to Mike the memory of that summer when he had flown with Krakauer. Karl had been in the catch trap in that act, and when you got to him he was always a little out of phase. It gave leaping, to him, the quality of a nightmare.

Mike corrected his swing for the slow get-off and caught Krakauer's wrists. His weight was dead heavy.

"Hello, Karl."

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Page 9

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 22, 1950



from England...

the **NEW** favourite



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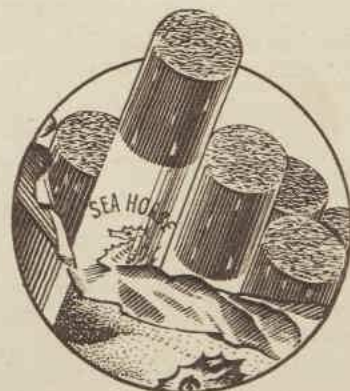
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● Variations on black-and-white checks are legion. Fath bunches finest white linen into a stock effect with narrow black velvet ribbon, at far left, and at left he uses the plunging neckline and adds interesting cuff treatment to the loose sleeves.

● Dior and Fath show contrasting lines in the suits above. In the one on the left Fath chooses the bloused effect snugly fitting at the hips over a slim skirt, and at right Dior's classic cutaway jacket is worn with white accessories, ropes of large pearls.

● Fath uses the plunging neckline again, at far right, and opens it to show a starched white dicky with the masculine, yet so feminine, collar and tie. Valenciennes lace trims the dicky, at right, made of finest linen, worn with a red carnation.

Dorothea Johnston



WARM WELCOME IN AUSTRALIA

Styled to give a warm reception to the sharpest winter weather, Clarks snug-lined Lapland boot is trying to keep pace with Australia's demand for it. Fleece-lined suede, and thick crepe rubber, make six months' difference to a winter day: English craftsmanship, turned to fine leathers, makes a season's difference in the life of a boot. Such craftsmanship as Clarks earns its welcome the world over, but Clarks hope soon to send a larger share to Australia.



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THREE HOURS' PRACTICE each day is routine for The Little Singers of Paris, who are to visit Australia next year. Here they are seen in their own chapel, where they are trained by the Abbe Maillet. The boys pay for their education, clothes, and the upkeep of their choir school by concerts.

LITTLE SINGERS OF PARIS

From ROLAND PULLEN, of our Paris staff

Forty small French boys, aged between 11 and 15, who spend most of their life singing their way around the world, will visit Australia next year.

They are "Les Petits Chanteurs de la Croix de Bois," but they will be known in Australia as "The Little Singers of Paris."

THEY are changing their name to sing to Australians because their appearances will be mostly in concert halls and not in churches, as they are in France.

In France they have made their name mostly for their fine unaccompanied singing of 15th, 16th, and 17th century ecclesiastical music, including Palestrina, Vittoria, and Roland de Lassus. Whenever there is a great church festival in Paris or the French provinces, the Petits Chanteurs

are asked to sing at it because they are among the most capable and moving exponents of their difficult religious art.

But in England, America, and South America the Petits Chanteurs have aroused equal enthusiasm for their singing of gay secular music, ancient and modern.

So impressed is Darius Milhaud, eminent French modern composer, with the singing and tradition of the Petits Chanteurs that he has written a number of works especially for them. Other well-known French modern composers, including Poulenc and Olivier Messiaen, have followed suit.

Writing of the work of the Petits Chanteurs, Milhaud said: "The choir is a miracle of faith, tenacity, enthusiasm, and talent. The magician who keeps it going is the Abbe Fernand Maillet. You really have to see him tackling a difficult score on the one hand, and managing his kids on the other, to realise what a tremendous effort has been made. Their repertory is boundless. Boundless, too, is the choir's fame, since the Abbe has shepherded his little group to the four corners of the earth, greatly contributing to the artistic and moral prestige of France."

The choir was founded in 1907 by some 18-year-old students, and its members throughout the years have been nearly all children of the working class.

Some of the fathers of the boys in the choir now earn only £10 a month as laborers.

Some of the choirboys have travelled 80,000 miles and more by air, sea, and land on their singing tours.

With the proceeds of their concerts they pay their own expenses and for the upkeep of the choir school.

The choir school, in the heart of Paris, provides a full life for the boys. They join when they are eleven, and stay until their voices break at about 14 or 15.

The tenors and basses of the choir—there are twelve of them—are former choirboys who began as sopranos, and stayed on after their voices had broken. They are the teachers in the choir school, which has a full normal curriculum.



THE CHOIR descending from the rood loft of the Church of St. Genevieve. The rood screen, part of which is shown in the picture, is one of the finest in Europe.



Even when the choir is flying round the world, school classes go on just as if the boys were in Paris. Sometimes they have arithmetic and history lessons as their plane wings them over the Atlantic Ocean.

Frequently the Abbe Maillet conducts religious services in mid-air if they are travelling on Sunday.

Above the whirring of the plane's engine 30,000 feet up in the air, the choir of 40 makes the service "fully choral" with unaccompanied music of Palestrina and other great masters.

When the boys arrive in a city to sing they are billeted in private homes.

At present the Abbe Maillet is trying to find out what are Australia's national songs, because the choir always includes some "local color" in its programmes. But the Abbe Maillet

shook his head when he spoke to me about Australia's national songs. "All I can find at present is 'Waltzing Matilda,' and in Paris this is a night-club waltz," he said, adding, "We will see what we can do."

France's leading composers have made arrangements of melodies of the countries the choir visits. Darius Milhaud may be asked to arrange "Waltzing Matilda."

Listeners to the Petits Chanteurs will be astonished at how they can sing unaccompanied complicated modern harmonies of such composers as Debussy, Ravel, and Messaien. The Abbe himself, who has conducted the choir since 1924, is mainly self taught.

He believes there is nothing

CHOIR SCHOOL. The boys do normal school curriculum, and their teachers are former "little singers" who now sing bass and tenor in the choir.

special about his boys except they are willing to work hard.

Their day begins with ordinary school in their own class-rooms at 9 a.m. They study general subjects under their own masters until 11.30 a.m., and then they go into the choir room for their first hour's practice for the day. From 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. they have more ordinary lessons, and from five to seven they sing again.

They are specialists in the difficult art of Gregorian singing, and spend much time practising it. In Australia they will sing in big Roman Catholic churches and cathedrals for special services from time to time.

They will wear, at these services, around their necks the wooden cross from which the choir takes its name.

Australia has New Caledonia to thank for the visit of the Petits Chanteurs. The large French population in New Caledonia, some of whom had heard the boys in Paris, has been pressing the Abbe Maillet for several years to fly his choir out there.

And on the way, the Petits Chanteurs are "taking in" Australia.

But they have far to go before they set out for the Southern Hemisphere.

Next month they are going to Ireland, and in September they leave for their second tour of the United States, where they were a great success two years ago.



A GROUP in the church of St. Serein, Paris, described as "the most perfect small Gothic church in Europe." It stands in the shelter of Notre Dame Cathedral and is attended by students of the Sorbonne.



YOUNGEST MEMBER of the choir, Andre Durand (left), who has travelled 30,000 miles with the choir. Typical of the boys who form the choir, these three are on their way to school. (Above.)

SINGING A MASS of Palestrina in the Church of St. Genevieve, in which is the tomb of St. Genevieve, patron saint of Paris, the little singers are conducted by the Abbe Maillet. Singers are in great demand.



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NEW SLEEVES

● Sleeve variations make important changes in the day-time silhouette and the added charm they can give is shown by the four model frocks from New York illustrated on this page.



● Pointed three-quarter sleeves faced with taffeta, which also forms the collar, are important feature of navy-blue wool all-day dress, above.

● Lantern sleeves, deeply cuffed and finished with buttons, for coat of fine ribbed wool, above. Narrow belt is of black patent.



● Drapped cap sleeves minimise the waistline of a black-and-white diamond-patterned lightweight wool dress with faced skirt pockets, shown above centre.

● Big sleeves, looped to the elbow, dominate a two-piece black silk taffeta double-breasted cocktail suit, left, worn with a black hat with wide brim.



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The only chocolate block with these 4 luscious centres.



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A delicious taste-sensation of freshly-picked strawberries.

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A rich, creamy caramel-flavour which lingers on your tongue.

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An exciting blend of choice, fresh-fruit flavours.

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Give your skin that *Glow of Beauty* **"BLUSH-CLEANSE" tonight!**



Agnes de Saint-Phalle Mathews has that French flair for chic grooming. She keeps her skin glowing-soft the Pond's "blush-cleanse" way.

Agnes de Saint-Phalle Mathews

Enchanting New York Socialite

Agnes de Saint-Phalle Mathews, daughter of the Count and Countess Andre de Saint-Phalle of New York, has a piquant French beauty. Her big brown eyes and shining hair accentuate the almost unbelievable creamy smoothness of her complexion. And she depends on her

"blush-cleansing" routine with silky Pond's Cold Cream to keep it that way.

"My face responds immediately," says Agnes de Saint-Phalle Mathews. "Feels so much fresher, so delightfully soft, and has a glow of color that I especially like."

POND'S COLD CREAM

"Blush-cleanse" with Pond's Cold Cream and see your new face tonight! It will glow back at you from your mirror softly pink and prettier than you've ever seen it. The special demulcent action of Pond's Cold Cream gently softens and frees your skin from clogging make-up and dirt that cloud its beauty. And the Pond's "blush-cleanse" wakes up the circulation that is so *good* for the skin. Your face will feel *beautifully* clean-fresh after you "blush-cleanse" it with Pond's. Just try it—you'll see!

How to "Blush-cleanse"

1. **Rouse** your face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream and swirl it in soft, creamy circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
2. **Blush-rinse.** Cream again with snowy soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circles over your face. Tissue well.
3. **Tingle** your face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.

Look at your new face now! Rosy! Sparkling clear . . . with an extra soft cleanness you can feel as well as see! So every night—this complete "blush-cleansing". Every morning—for a bright-awake look—a once-over "blush-cleansing" with your Pond's.



Mustang crews polish up their battle tactics

R.A.A.F. air and ground personnel key exercises to operational standard with eyes on Korea

By HELEN BROWN,
staff reporter

MUSTANG FIGHTER has speed of over 400 miles per hour, can carry two 1000lb. bombs or 19 rockets, each with an explosive head equal to either 25lb. or 50lb. shells.

While pilots and air-crew from the R.A.A.F. 78 Fighter Wing are operating in Korea, other members of the Wing, still in Australia, are in the air from early morning until late afternoon.

They are practising "air-to-air" combat exercises in deadly earnest, because they know that their Mustangs and the Russian Yak plane being used by the North Koreans are fairly well matched.

THEY know, too, that training alone will tell when they get into action.

Air-crew and ground staff at the R.A.A.F. station, Williamstown, N.S.W., are keener than ever after seeing some of their mates leave for Japan to join the R.A.A.F. 77 Squadron.

The versatile, Australian-built Mustang fighter, now being used by the R.A.A.F. over Korea, was developed during World War II from Allied and captured enemy designs. It is used for fighter interception, long-range fighter escort, and Army support, which includes ground attack, strafing, and bombing, with cannon, rockets, and bombs.

First two men I met at the Williamstown station were noted war heroes Group-Captain Bill Garing, D.F.C., and Wing-Commander John Perrin, D.F.C.

The former is C.O. of the station, and the latter C.O. of 78 Fighter Wing.

Fair-haired, trim-moustached, 33-year-old Wing-Commander Perrin, who told me he cultivated the popular Air Force "bushy" moustache "only for a while, when I was well hidden from the public eye in the desert of Egypt," was busy checking

the manpower strength of his Wing when I arrived.

It had been temporarily reduced the day before by the departure for Japan of such men as Flight-Lieutenant Ian Olorenshaw, D.F.C., of Renmark, S.A., who holds the Sydney-Melbourne and return record, made in a jet-plane, and pilots Stan Williamson, of Newcastle, and Eric Douglas, of Albany, W.A., who have served in Japan before. Pilots Bill Michelson, of Brisbane, Andrew Hankinson, of Sydney, and Roy Backenreg, and "very young but very determined" pilot Richard Wittman, who hails from Auckland, N.Z., were others who had gone.

"Korea is only a hop, step, and jump from Japan, but the boys will strike varied weather," John Perrin told me.

"It has a sub-Arctic winter, a sub-tropic summer, and a really beautiful autumn and spring of clear sunny days and cool nights."

He described the Yak plane used by North Koreans as "almost a copy of the Mustang," and declared that results of combat tests between our pilots and the enemy would depend more on training than anything.

The Mustang Squadron of 78 Wing is commanded by slim, brown-

eyed Squadron-Leader Dick Wilson, who was C.O. of the same squadron when it was stationed in Japan.

He said that during his three years in Japan the Korean Reds were "quite a problem there." They were sometimes smuggled into Japan, and often stirred up trouble.

Squadron still has two of its original members in Flight-Lieutenant Jimmy Grey, of Maroubra, N.S.W., and pilot Nigel Hanel, of Newcastle, N.S.W.

It is interesting to watch the men training in the air. The Mustangs take off and practise attack and defence in pairs. They return to the airfield together, but peel away and space themselves before coming in to land.

Formation flight

WHEN Flight-Lieutenant Desmond Cornelius ("Spud") Murphy offered to take photographer Ernie McQuillan up in a Wirraway so that he could photograph six Mustangs singly and in formation in the air, Dick Wilson carefully worked out the formation for his pilots on a blackboard before they took off.

The Mustangs took off in a pair, a single, another pair, and then a single to form two sets of threes before they joined formation flying towards the sun so that Ernie, flying from it, could take his photographs.

The speed of a Wirraway is about 150 knots, and the pilots told "Spud" Murphy to "thump her along a bit."

No. 78 Wing was formed 12 months ago with two squadrons, one equipped with Vampire jet-planes and the other with Mustangs, a maintenance squad, and a mobile fighter-control unit equipped with radar for interception and plotting of enemy aircraft.

As well as air-crew its personnel includes copper-smiths, machinists, electricians, instrument-makers, and wireless and radar maintenance men.

Commanding Officer of the maintenance wing is staid, jovial Flight-Lieutenant Carl Leopold, of Newcastle, who has had 14 years in the Air Force.

His flight-sergeant is Colin Gabbett, of Wollongong, N.S.W., who all through the war had "bad luck about getting overseas," and is now "practically packed and ready for Japan."



WAR-ACE Wing-Commander John Perrin, C.O. of 78 Fighter Wing, to which 76 Squadron is attached. During war he served in Egypt, England, and Pacific, and in 1947 was C.O. of 81 Wing in Japan. Has never flown over Korea, "because we just weren't allowed to."



SQUADRON-LEADER DICK WILSON, C.O. of 76 Squadron, which has had a number of distinguished commanders, including late "Bluey" Truscott.



PILOT FOURTH-CLASS CECIL SLY, of Woodendong, Queensland. In air-to-air combat exercises pilots have gun-sight aiming point movie camera to check results.



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT VIC CANNON, of Sydney, a former Berlin air-lift pilot now flying Mustangs. He has flown to Japan several times with the R.A.A.F.



PILOT THIRD-CLASS BRUCE BRAITHWAITE, of Richmond, N.S.W. He is a flying instructor and only one left with 76 Squadron after seven others went to Japan.



MUSTANG MAINTENANCE MEN. Corporal Ron Chaffey, of Newcastle, N.S.W., and L.A.C. John "Blue" Mackintosh work on Mustang which is "in" for maintenance after 60 hours' flying.

HELP FOR T.B. VICTIMS

PAYMENT of increases in allowances to tuberculosis sufferers, which began last week, will brighten many homes where the higher cost of living is felt with special acuteness.

A sense of insecurity and want is a terrible burden for a sick man unable to work for his family, or a sick mother unable to look after her children.

Doctors and social workers have frequently pointed out that the T.B. sufferer may leave a sanatorium physically cured but a sad case as a citizen.

During his months of helplessness he has worried so much over his family and his own return to the normal world that he loses all initiative and self-confidence.

The mental scars, doctors say, are often worse than the physical scars.

The larger allowances will reduce this worry and, as well as aiding the physical recovery of patients, will give them a better chance to lead useful lives again.

The allowances, too, will reduce the dangers of infection among other people.

Many tuberculosis sufferers have been forced to work through economic necessity. Now rest and care are more easily within their reach, and they need no longer endanger the health of fellow workers.

The allowances—£6/10/- a week for a married sufferer with dependent wife, and proportionate increases for single sufferers—are not lavish. They are, however, a realistic attempt by the Federal Government to save valuable lives from being unnecessarily ruined by one of mankind's most dread diseases.

JOSEPHINE: Inadequate for her role

BY what miracle did Josephine, Viscountess de Beauharnais, transform herself from the unattractive and cast-off wife of a minor noble into the beloved consort of Napoleon Bonaparte?

The French say she developed charm, and the Empress Josephine has always been, for them, the personification of that elusive quality.

Napoleon achieved greatness, but Josephine had greatness thrust upon her, without possessing the brains to understand or hold her position.

She loved being Empress because it represented luxury and admiration, but had no conception of the duties and responsibilities of the throne.

For many years Josephine held the heart of Napoleon in the palm of her hand, and she might have held it to the end of her life, if she had had more heart herself.

When he loved her, she did not love him. When she realised she must either love him or lose the gay and splendid life that went with him, his passion for her had waned.

Josephine was born on June 23, 1763, at Trois-Ilets, on the island of Martinique, in the Antilles, and was christened Marie-Josephe Rose Tascher de la Pagerie.

Josephine was her nickname from early childhood.

The French colonials looked on themselves as exiles from Paris.

Josephine from an early age dreamed of making her mark as a beauty at Court, but although her family was aristocratic they were poor, and there seemed little chance of escape from the colony.

However, deliverance came when her father's sister, Marie-Desiree Renaudin, divorced from her husband and now mistress of the former Governor of the Antilles, Francois Beauharnais, wrote from France arranging a marriage between one of her nieces and Beauharnais' son, Alexandre.

Josephine's younger sister was chosen (Josephine at 15 was considered too old), but before Catherine-Desiree could be sent she died of fever, and Josephine was shipped as a substitute.

Josephine was enraptured at the prospect of going to France and marrying a handsome soldier.

At first meeting she fell madly in love with Alexandre, but her disillusion was not slow to follow.

Beauharnais was bitterly disappointed in his gauche and nervous bride. Even the birth of his son, Eugene, did not awaken much enthusiasm for his neglected wife.

In July, 1783, three months after the birth of their daughter, Hortense, Beauharnais wrote Josephine a long and vicious letter, accusing her of associating with other men.

Josephine was stunned and heartbroken, but Alexandre, to placate

FAMOUS WOMEN

his new mistress, went ahead with his separation suit.

The case dragged on for two years in the French courts, but Josephine emerged victor.

Alexandre's charges against her were refuted by the evidence of his father and Madame Renaudin. He escaped with his dignity sorely hurt, and under the necessity of paying a large pension to Josephine.

After her divorce Josephine went to Fontainebleau to live with Madame Renaudin and Francois Beauharnais.

In 1788 she returned to Martinique, where she found her parents in ill-health and the estate more run down and poverty-stricken than ever.

After two years she returned to France.

In her absence, the French Revolution had begun.

Even then Josephine, in company with many men and women of the day, did not understand or care about the causes or consequences of the drastic change in society.

The fact that piqued her most was that she was no longer viscountess, but simply citizenship.

Alexandre, an actor and an opportunist, rose with the revolution, and Josephine now met him often socially.

She was pleased to be spoken of as the wife of a former President of the Assembly (Alexandre had held that position for a few days), and their relations were quite cordial.

She undervalued Napoleon's love when she had it; was distressed when she lost it

But the tide of the revolution flowed more swiftly.

In September, 1793, Alexandre, simply because he was a former aristocrat, was confined in the infamous prison of the Carmelites, and a few months later Josephine followed him.

Beauharnais was executed on the 9th Thermidor (that was July, according to the Revolutionary calendar).

Two days later, Robespierre was overthrown, the Reign of Terror was over, and Josephine was free.

To escape so dramatically from the certainty of the guillotine invites reaction, and Josephine plunged into pleasure.

At the house of Barras, one of her influential lovers, who was President of the Convention, she met a young general, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Josephine elegantly collected the heart of Bonaparte and placed it on her fashionable string.

How was she to understand that here was a young man, chaste, passionate, and single-minded, who took love seriously?



JOSEPHINE, Napoleon's Empress.

They became lovers, and he, intensely clannish and anxious to found a family, urged marriage.

Josephine was reluctant. True, Bonaparte was a general, but generals were as thick as falling leaves in Paris streets at that time.

She wrote to a friend: "You will ask me if I love him. No. If I have any aversion to him? No. But I am in a state of indifference."

This then was the attitude of the bride of 33 whom the infatuated 27-year-old Bonaparte married on February 24, 1796, at a civil ceremony.

Two days later he left for Italy.

Success followed success for the "little corporal," but never was he too busy or too harassed to write those passionate, sincere letters which Josephine lazily threw to her maid to read aloud to her.

"In the midst of business affairs, at the head of my troops, while I hurry through the country, I have only my adorable Josephine in my heart," he wrote, and again, "If I were base enough to love without receiving love in return, I would crush it with my teeth." "Your last letter is as cool as friendship," he wrote, "Never before has a woman been loved more devotedly, more passionately, more tenderly than you."

Napoleon pressed his wife to be by his side at the hour of victory.

Josephine refused, pleading that she was expecting a child, but this fiction could not be maintained for ever, and she finally went to Milan.

Among those who accompanied her was a young officer, M. Hippolyte Charles, a foolish fellow, whose company Josephine infinitely preferred to that of her husband.

But Napoleon, overjoyed at their reunion, forgave her everything—and forgot nothing.

When he left for Egypt he took with him as a cadet Josephine's son Eugene.

When definite news of Josephine's liaison with Charles reached him (some months after his whole army had known of the affair), he began

to listen to the suggestions of his mother, the formidable Madame Letizia, that he had made a bad match.

By the time of his return from Egypt, three and a half years after their marriage, it was Josephine who had to beg for attention.

Her fear of divorce increased as the hoped-for heir did not put in an appearance.

Napoleon's passion had changed into a sentimental affection for his first love. On Josephine's part, her husband became a symbol of her vanishing youth.

But stories of his infidelities began to reach her. Although these were transient affairs, she raged and abused him in public, humiliating him before important people.

Even now Josephine thought that if she were crowned Empress she would be safe.

On December 2, 1804, this ambition was realised.

Before the coronation, Josephine confessed to Pope Pius the Seventh, who had come from Rome for the ceremony, that she and Napoleon were not married in the eyes of the Church, having had only a civil ceremony.

Napoleon professed to understand her scruples, and they were married in a private chapel.

Perhaps to leave himself a loophole, Napoleon omitted to have the parish priest perform the ceremony. This could, at a future date, cause the marriage to be declared void.

While Napoleon grappled with problems of government, the codification of the laws, and the overthrow of France's enemies, Josephine prattled to him about clothes.

It is reported that in one year she bought 980 pairs of gloves and 320 pairs of shoes. She owned at one time 676 dresses.

Although she spent a fabulous sum on cosmetics, it became more and more difficult for her to hide the ravages of time.

Her toilet occupied the whole morning. Although she applied her cosmetics with enormous care, they were of such inferior quality in those days that they frequently peeled off, leaving the bright bloom of her cheeks looking more like a faded stucco wall.

At one time, when her detested sister-in-law, Pauline Bonaparte Borghese, was coming to visit her, Josephine learned that Pauline's dress would be deep green. She hastily had her drawing-room redecorated in a soft shade of blue, against which the green frock looked harsh and vulgar.

Continued on page 27

TRICKS OF SPIRIT SEANCES

HAVE you ever been to a spiritualist seance and been awed by spirit readings, table rappings, ghost trumpet blowing and bellringing?

These tricks are faked by hordes of small-time racketeers and broken-down magicians attracted to spiritualism in America by the big fees their victims are ready to pay.

For instance, they make tables rap by slipping long wooden or metal bars from their coat-cuffs under the table top.

More of their tricks are exposed in a series of pictures in A.M. for July, now on sale. You see how they read sealed messages sent from the audience, blow trumpets while bound and gagged, ring bells when their hands are held, and make children materialise out of the gloom.

Price of A.M., the big national monthly for men and women, is still only 1/-.

By GUS

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS DEAR



THEY'LL COST YOU MORE THAN THAT



OH, WHAT WERE THEY ABOUT?



THE NEW HAT I ORDERED YESTERDAY





WED IN LONDON. Former S.U.D.S. and Mercury Theatre actress June Wimble, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wimble, of Double Bay, leaves St. Margaret's, Westminster, after marriage with Douglas Pollard, only son of Mrs. Pollard, of Newcastle, N.S.W.



PRETTY BRIDE. Mrs. Ken Triggs leaves St. Mark's, Darling Point, with her husband and their attendants Dr. Derek Freeman, Audrey Triggs, Captain Rene Lemercler, Joy Donnison, Wendy Playfair, Fred Marks, Marian Triggs, and Bill Fennell. Bride formerly Ruth Donnison, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Donnison, Vaucluse.



INTERSTATE INTEREST. Dr. Geoffrey Lilburne and his bride, formerly Mary Brightwell, leave St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, after marriage. Bride is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brightwell, of Bellevue Hill. Geoffrey is only son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Lilburne, of Nedlands, Perth. Couple sail in Orion for Perth, where they will make their home.

Intimate Gossipings

THINK I'm really seeing things when I encounter Mrs. Alan Copeland purchasing two pairs of football boots and actually trying them on for size at a city store.

Overcome with curiosity I approach her with the inquiry as to just which football team she is thinking of joining.

I'm quickly informed, however, that although boots are certainly for her—and one pair for Mrs. Noel Vincent—they are not for football. The Copelands and the Vincents join forces for holiday at Hayman Island and football boots are for walking on the reef so that their feet or ankles won't be scratched by coral.

"You've no idea the struggle I've had," Eileen tells me. "Both Florence and I take 2½, and just try getting a pair of football boots that size."

Holiday will give couple extra dash of energy to devote to plans for Black and White Ball, which will be held on October 3 at Trocadero. Eileen full of news about two tea parties to be held at David Jones' main store—one this Tuesday and one next Tuesday, July 25. Parties are forerunner to ball and those attending will be able to buy art union tickets for mammoth prizes, including deep freeze unit, washing machine, vacuum cleaner, floor polisher, radio, and expensive make-up kits.

CANBERRA loses its political atmosphere temporarily when polo players invade capital for Molonglo Polo Club's tournament.

Social activities start when pretty Margaret Hodgins has twenty-first birthday party at the Hotel Canberra. Her parents, the Clyde Hodgins, entertain large crowd, because Margaret wants "older friends" as well as young ones to help her celebrate.

Club's ball held at Queanbeyan Show Pavilion, and end of tournament is followed by an informal dance at the Gloucester.



CELEBRATING ENGAGEMENT. Attractive Cae Marr (right), lunches at Prince's with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Allan Marr, when she announces her engagement to Mick Angus. Brisbane Cae is daughter of Mrs. C. H. Marr, Roseville, and late Robert A. Marr. Mick is twin son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Angus, Warrawee.



SOIREE MUSICALE. Mrs. Rex Carmichael (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sunning at Soiree Musicale arranged by Anti-T.B. social committee. Visiting pianist Patina Salzman was guest artist.



BALL COMMITTEE. Working hard for success of annual Rachel Forster Hospital Ball are committee members Pamela Williams (left, back row), Ruth Simmons, Joy Steele, Gwen Amies (left, in front), president of ball committee, Sister Patricia Miller, and Pauline Jacobs. Ball will be held at Wentworth Hotel, on July 25.



CANBERRA PARTY. Margaret Hodgins (left) with Canadian High Commissioner's daughter, Denise La Fleche and Ann Gibson, of Huntly, Canberra, at celebration of Canada's National Day, at Canberra Hotel, when General La Fleche and Mrs. La Fleche entertain guests.



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Mrs. Angus Armitage signs register at The Chapel, St. Andrew's College, while her husband and the Rev. George Cowie look on. Mrs. Armitage formerly Mrs. Ene Ramsden, well-known Sydney journalist. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. Albert Graham, of Mosman.

MEMBERS of New South Wales Ex-Prisoner of War Association having busy time with social activities at present. Their first annual ball, held recently at C.U.S.A. Ballroom, was voted tremendous success and this Saturday association holds its annual dinner in the Drill Hall at Mosman. Guest of honor will be Colonel C. G. W. Anderson, V.C., M.C., M.H.R.

DATES for your Diary: Stork Ball in aid of Crown Street Women's Hospital to be held this Thursday at Wentworth. Proceeds will swell funds for new nursery at hospital. Guest of honor will be popular Matron E. Shaw.

NEWS comes from abroad of Sheila Smart, who has joined forces with Morson Clift, Hal Hertzberg, and Oliver Johnson, and is touring Europe with them in a station wagon. They have been to Paris and to the south of France, and are now in Greece, returning to London next month, where they have taken a beautiful house in the West End. In Paris, where hair tinting in pastel shades is the current craze for all the smartest women, Sheila had a pale pink rinse.

TRULY Gallic atmosphere in Wentworth ballroom, with Tricolor of France dominating the decorations, when members of French community and their friends celebrate France's National Day. Ball held three days early owing to impossibility of hiring ballroom on actual date.

French Ambassador, M. Padovani, comes from Canberra to attend ball. Also attending are newly arrived French Consul-General, M. Strauss, and Mme. Strauss.

DENTAL Ball at Trocadero is chosen by Shirley Stanley and Mark Jolly as celebration party to announce engagement. Shirley is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Stanley, of Haberfield, and Mark is only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jolly, Guildford.

Anne

The Little Princesses

PART XIV

By their governess, MARION CRAWFORD

BESIDES letters of congratulations and friendliness, there were hundreds filled with other people's problems, sent to her in the mistaken notion that a princess can do anything she likes, and has but to express a wish to have it granted.

A woman wrote, "My son is in prison. He has been there three years. You who are now so happy in expecting a baby could have him released for me."

These were all sorted out as best might be.

Letters of this kind can never be answered by any member of the Royal Family personally, but have to be dealt with officially.

They all went to the Home Office, a government department supervising all home matters.

After the baby came, a special department had to be opened in the palace, and a dozen typists engaged temporarily to cope with the flood of mail we could no longer handle.

It was not only letters and telegrams. People sent their baby's birth certificate, registered, to prove their child had been born at the same moment as the little Prince.

Some of these came from Germany and from France, as well as America, and all had to be duly returned.

I continued to leave my little cottage in Kensington Palace every morning, and go to Buckingham Palace, where I often remained until late at night.

There was so much to do, and my own home life had to remain unchangeable in its routine.

In what spare time I had, I struggled with the problem of my own curtains and covers, and the hundred and one things that have to be done when one settles into a new home.

Queen Mary was most helpful to me. One day, when I was speaking to her of some of my difficulties, she got up and crossed to her bureau, and wrote down for me the name of a man in Fulham Road who did small repairs very cheaply.

"There you are, my dear," said Her Majesty. "You will find him most useful."

I found the card the other day among my papers, and it brought those days back to me again.

It was Queen Mary who gave me the beautiful flower prints that hang in my little house as well as many most useful pieces of Victorian furniture.

When Queen Mary gives a present, she does the thing thoroughly. First, the pictures were delivered. Next, a man came round to hang them. Then came Queen Mary herself, to

see that the job had been properly done.

Margaret still did an occasional hour's work with me, but she was now going about more and more, continuing to attract the notice and comment that had once been reserved for her sister.

Unfortunately, in Margaret's case, it was often unkind. Impulsive and bright remarks she made became headlines, and, taken out of their context, began to produce in the public eye an oddly distorted personality that bore little resemblance to the Margaret we knew.

Lilibet spent many happy hours getting her baby's nursery ready at Clarence House.

It had cream walls and a blue carpet, and enchanting cream-colored chintz with red nursery-rhyme figures all over it. It had its own miniature bathroom, with bath, towel-rails, and bath towels all to scale.

Lilibet's old nursery china cupboard was moved over there.

It was packed with the small ornaments she had always loved so dearly herself—little soldiers, little mice, little coaches, and whole families of teddy bears they had got at Lady Astor's children's parties long ago, and had carefully kept ever since.

Everything was very hygienic. All the cupboards lighted up inside when the doors were opened.

During those months before her baby was born, Lilibet often came to talk to me, sometimes in my room at the palace, sometimes at my own home.

She was a serene and very happy little mother. She never lost her looks.

There had been a good deal of discussion as to where the child would be born. Both the King and Queen were anxious to have her



THE LITTLE PRINCE, Charles, first child of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, photographed when he was a few months old. He is probably the world's luckiest baby. Born into an ideally happy family circle, he has the affection and loyalty of a nation of which he is the future King.

move over to the other and quieter side of the palace, overlooking the gardens and the lake.

We knew that crowds, which are a part of any happening in the Royal Family, would gather under the windows and fill the Mall as usual, with the attendant clamor and noise that goes on all night.

Lilibet, however, was quite firm, and for once stood out against her family and put her foot down. "I want my baby to be born in my own room amongst the things I know," she said.

It was November, getting foggy and dark. The last days dragged,

as they always do. Lilibet rang me up at my cottage one afternoon and said she was coming to tea with me.

The car drove up at five o'clock, and Lilibet came in. She looked so well, and so very happy.

She wore a pretty navy-blue maternity dress, with a white trimming that looked, at first, like lace, until you saw it was all done in little white beads.

There was a very special sort of chocolate cake that I knew was a favorite of hers. It can be bought in only one place in London, and with great good fortune I had managed to get one.



Make yours
a smile to
remember

MACLEANS your teeth with Britain's biggest-selling tooth paste

Australians arriving in Britain get a very strong impression of the large number of people there with very WHITE natural teeth. When they remark on it, they learn that more British people clean their teeth with Macleans than with any other tooth paste. This has been proved again and again by independent surveys.

MACLEANS will quickly make YOUR teeth whiter and healthier and protect them MORE THOROUGHLY against decay.

The "tingle" of Macleans means quick extra WHITENESS

A pleasant, refreshing "tingle" is the first difference you notice, when you use Macleans Peroxide tooth paste.

Next you find that Macleans quickly removes film and stains, and makes your teeth dazzling white.

You find, too, that Macleans instantly freshens your breath and cleanses your mouth.

And finally you discover that Macleans immediately and safely neutralises excess mouth acids and helps to stop tooth decay.

So—don't just clean your teeth... Maclean your teeth and get extra protection, safety and WHITENESS.

Buy a big 1/6 tube from your chemist or store.

MACLEANS PEROXIDE Tooth Paste
makes teeth WHITER



Lilibet ate a large tea worthy of our old schoolroom days. We laughed a lot, and spoke of old friends, and remembered our first meeting, and those early days together.

I said to her: "I can hardly believe you are really going to have a baby. It seems incredible to me. Are you frightened at all, Lilibet? What do you feel about it?"

She told me she had complete faith in her doctor, and was, if anything, looking forward to the experience. "After all, it is what we're made for," she said philosophically.

I was much struck by her conversation. She seemed so interested in everything that was going on, and so very well informed.

My husband joined us before we finished tea and he was deeply impressed by all she knew of India and Ceylon, where he had spent many years.

At last she got up, and kissed me. "Well, Crawfie dear, I suppose I must go home," she said.

She looked rather thoughtfully round my little sitting-room. I knew she was thinking that perhaps next time she saw it, her ordeal would be over and she would be a mother.

It became evident that the baby's arrival would take place over the weekend of November 12. Margaret had arranged to go away. When she heard this news she wanted to stay at home. She was extremely anxious about her sister.

"Don't worry yourself," I told her. "A baby is born every minute, and many of the mothers are not by any means as healthy as your sister."

In the end, it was decided she should stick to her original plan, and she departed.

But I was told when I returned to the palace on Monday that she had rung up every half-hour or so over the week-end.

The following Sunday, November 14, I had a telephone message from the palace informing me that Her Royal Highness had had a son.

I have a little letter she wrote me telling me how adorable the baby was and how proud the parents were!

Her nurse took me to see the baby when it was four days old. I had seen most of the Royal babies shortly after they were born.

They all have a strong resemblance to King George V. Like the little Kents and the little Gloucesters,



FAMILY GROUP of admiring parents and grandparents with the baby Prince on his christening day. From left: The King, Princess Elizabeth with Prince Charles, the Queen, and (behind) the Duke of Edinburgh.

ters, this baby also had that absurdly mature look, and ridges under his eyes.

He was very healthy and strong, and beautifully made, with a flawless silky skin.

Margaret, besides the excitement of suddenly being an aunt, had been busily preparing for a tour of Australia with the King and Queen. This she had passionately looked forward to, and she had taken a great deal of trouble over her outfit, as usual. The African tour had given her a great taste for travel.

Those of us who were constantly in the palace had thought the King looked tired and ill, but had put it down to the excitement of the wedding and the birth of his first grandchild.

So that the news of how bad he really was came as an immense shock to all of us.

He must have known for some time how ill he was; and, as usual, he had refused to face it, had carried on till the baby was safely born, and then, probably, had hoped he would somehow manage to get through the Australian tour.

But the time came when he had to listen to his doctors and give in. Margaret told me, "When papa decided he could no longer struggle to keep going, he went to sleep for two days."

The Australian tour was abandoned.

There was bitter disappointment in the colonies and those other places that would have been visited—but Margaret's disappointment was keenest of all.

There were anxious days when it was known there would be an operation. They had had, on the whole, so little illness in the family, and always tended to overlook it when they could. But now it had to be faced.

The Queen was quite distraught with anxiety. She could speak of nothing and think of nothing else until the operation was safely over.

Please turn to page 22



OFFICIAL DUTY claimed Princess Elizabeth again. Shortly after the birth of her little son, Prince Charles, she was frequently to be seen in public accompanied by Princess Margaret. People noticed that the young mother had acquired a new and maturer beauty.



GREAT-GRANDMOTHER Queen Mary holds the little Prince, to whom will be handed on the tradition of his Royal line.

"I've tasted chocolate all over the world - and I prefer the not-so-sweet flavour of Small's Club Chocolate"



says

Harold Williams

Internationally famous Australian Baritone



Mr. Williams recently returned to Australia after a most successful three years in England. During his stay, he sang at the London and Edinburgh Festivals as well as giving concert and opera performances almost every day.

"After travelling in so many countries," says Mr. Williams, "I've become almost a connoisseur of chocolate. Chocolate experts have told me that the best chocolate breaks with the cleanest snap. Well, Small's Club Chocolate breaks with the sharpest snap I've ever heard."

Small's make Great Chocolate

£10 WEEKLY

BROADCASTING FEE FOR CLEVER LAST LINES

DULUX JINGLES

Every week a new jingle will be published in "The Australian Women's Weekly." The makers of "Dulux," the Miracle Synthetic Finish superseding enamels, will pay a £10 fee for what the judges consider the cleverest last line. Here is jingle No. 3. Try your skill on the missing line.

No. 3 A "DULUX" HOME IS BRIGHT AND GAY,
WITH COLOURS CHEERFUL EVERY DAY,
SO GIVE YOUR HOME THE "DULUX" LOOK,
..... (Missing Line)

NOTE: Copy out these three lines and add your own last line, sending in the WHOLE FOUR LINES, with your name and address in block letters, on the same sheet.
The award for this jingle will be announced over 50 Radio Stations in "Jack Davey Star-maker," commencing August 2. Send your entry to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service not later than August 2, and listen for the weekly winner's name and the winning jingle on your local or nearest participating station from THAT DATE and afterwards weekly. Judges' decision will be final. The staffs and their families of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. and associated companies are excluded from this competition.
Mark your envelope "Dulux Jingles" and mail to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service, Box 4290, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., by August 2.

4 cups of boiling water in 3 minutes

You'll find the Hotpoint Electric Kettle fast... and so economical! It boils enough water for four cups of tea in just three minutes... it's the Calrod element inside the kettle—right in the water—that makes it so fast. And the Hotpoint protects itself automatically, switching off if it boils dry or is plugged-in without water. Full capacity is four pints and price is \$5/-.



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ELECTRIC KETTLE

OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR LOCAL HOTPOINT RETAILER

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

"There's a Hotpoint Appliance for every domestic need!"

Delicious and So Easy to Make - NOOMA PUDDINGS AND SAUCE



Just mix with Milk, Steam and Serve... IT'S LABOUR SAVING - IT'S MONEY SAVING 6 HELPINGS FROM EACH PUDDING



8 varieties with sauce
 * DATE
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 * GINGER
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 * EXTRA SPECIAL
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OBTAINABLE AT ALL STORES



PRINCESS MARGARET, now the "Princess at the Palace," seen at one of her early official engagements talking to radio actress Joan Harben, when she attended a celebration of a famous radio show's 300th performance.

The Little Princesses

Continued from page 21

LIFE settled down again. But the pattern was changed. Lilibet had become mummy, her tall husband was papa.

While Margaret was lovingly labelled "Charley's Aunt,"

"Probably my proudest title of all," she said.

I cherish a letter the Queen wrote me at this time. It is a long and very friendly letter, in which the Queen thanks me "with all her heart" for my years of devotion to the Princesses.

What pleases me even more than the Queen's gracious appreciation of my work is her hope that my retirement will not automatically cut me off from the Royal Family, and that I would still join in "our joys and

sorrows." Can you wonder that I cherished that lovely letter?

It is amusing, now, to look back over the years with all their problems, and festivities, and splendours, and trials. I have so many memories, grave and gay. But to me the best one of all is of a Scottish garden, with the moors behind, wine-red, and the air full of the scent of wood smoke, and gorse warmed by the sun, on a summer's morning.

And coming over the garden towards me, three figures, all dressed in blue. The little Duchess and her two daughters, as I knew them first, long ago.

THE END
(Copyright).



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

28th Nov.
1948.

Dear Crampie,
 Thank you very much indeed for your letter and for the delicious chocolate peppermint creams. I'm sorry I haven't written before, but I had no idea how busy we could be kept in bed! and the baby takes up quite a lot of time as well!

Don't you think he is quite adorable? I still can't quite

IN THE MIDST of the excitement at the birth of her son and heir, Princess Elizabeth did not forget her governess, as this letter to Marion Crawford, which might have been written by any happy young mother the world over, testifies.

Tape it Easy with 'DUREX' TAPE



Broken your watch glass? Repair temporarily with clear, strong "DUREX" Tape, until a new one is obtained.



When you travel, seal perfume bottles, powder and polish containers with "DUREX" Tape to prevent spilling en route.



Handy Fluid Dispenser with 300 ins. 1-in. TAPE, 2/6 150 ins. 1/2-in. TAPE, 1/3

Also a Heavy-Duty Dispenser at 15/- plus tax, and a Plastic Hand Dispenser only 3/-. Tape extra.

SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING

DUREX TAPE

Cellulose TRANSPARENT AS GLASS AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE

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5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York Doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit... and establish your natural powers of regularity. 13% of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead, Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills, 2nd week—one each night, 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day; drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

Wardrobe for Wimbledon



RED-AND-WHITE checked sun-top in Nancy Chaffee's collection can be worn with white or checked top. Designed by Ken Sutherland.



GLAMOROUS American tennis star Nancy Chaffee with Cesar Romero at Wimbledon during the championships. Nancy chose high-necked blouse and floral skirt to wear to court.

Designed in America

From our London office

America's new glamor tennis girl Nancy ("Greater than Gussie") Chaffee, who came to England to play tennis, certainly gets the lioness' share of publicity . . . and loves it.

NANCY is young and enthusiastic about most things. She is keen on tennis, but loves her job as a television announcer in Los Angeles even more.

She won the U.S. national indoor tennis title this year, came to England on the proceeds of a fund. Subscribers were Walter Pidgeon, Ginger Rogers, Bing Crosby, Errol Flynn, Mickey Rooney, film director William Wyler, racing personality Neil McCarthy, and the citizens of Nancy's home town, Ventura, California.

Four Californian designers, personal friends of Nancy's, made a collection of clothes for her. They were Andree Gay, Georgia Kay, Ken Sutherland, and Charles Krimm.

Nancy is very anxious to visit Australia, where she would be just as big a sensation as she is here.

Her personal statistics are:

- Height is 5ft. 7½in. in her tennis socks.
- Bust is 36in., her waist 26in., her hips 36in.

There is no particular man in her life, she says. "I just like all men."

In London Nancy is going places with Budge Patty, her partner in the Wimbledon mixed doubles.

Nancy was beaten in the fourth round of the Women's Singles by team-mate Doris Hart.



THE ONLY flare-skirted tennis frock in Nancy's collection of eight, all of which she designed herself, is white silk jersey.



A SMOOTH black taffeta date dress by Andree Gay, with a heavily quilted bodice made with sweetheart neckline, and V at back.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 22, 1950



So fine, so delicate and so fragrant, Lourmay gives the skin a fragile loveliness that stays perfect. Lourmay shades are exquisitely blended to flatter all skin types and there is a Lourmay Liquid Powder Base of complementary shade to which your face powder will cling.

The butterfly touch of

Lourmay
FACE POWDER

DAWN PINK
FRANGIPANI • MAGNOLIA
PEACHBLOOM • GOLDENBLOOM
ROSEGLOW • FORBIDDEN FRUIT
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Face Powder, 4/11 • Liquid Powder Base, 4/11



Lourmay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia.

Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading Department Stores.

L2/149R



"DRI-GLO" Naps . . . for Baby's Comfort

"Dri-Glo" are famous for their wonderfully luxurious bath towels. And now they are making the softest naps for baby. Only the finest super-quality cotton — beautifully bleached and one hundred per cent. hygienic — goes into these "Dri-Glo" baby naps. They are ready for instant use.

And they're so super-soft

and cushiony, so highly absorbent, they protect baby against all changes of climate.

Knowing how many times they have to be washed, we make our "Dri-Glo" naps in extra-strong double-warp yarn, with a special non-fray edge that won't go "raggy" with washing. That's why "Dri-Glo" outlast any other naps for wear.

"Dri-Glo" also make special super-craft nursery towels for baby.

AVAILABLE AT STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

BB-12-1

COLOURFUL MENUS

TO PLEASE BOTH EYE AND PALATE

Plan your buffet dinner's with a harmonious colour scheme in food as well as decoration—it's so easy with the aid of

"COOKERY FOR PARTIES"

An Australian Women's Weekly publication, 2/- everywhere.

AFTER tea, first one man, then another, came inquisitively up the road, their heavy tread slackening as they came abreast of the inn.

By this time, a very handsome portrait of Selima, with her fiddle under her chin, had appeared on one side of the sign. This earned very favorable criticism from the group breathing, as foretold, down the back of Steve's neck and there was almost a murmur of disappointment when he got up, stretched his arms, and announced: "That's all for to-day. Time I was opening the bar!"

Still amiably chatting, he fed the group indoors and, ten minutes later, was murmuring to Clarissa:

"I think I've got the hang of it all—suppose you leave it to me? I mean, I'm enjoying this."

And he looked so wistfully suppliant that her refusal died on her lips and she took herself out of the now comfortably crowded bar.

Trump was still out with Simon when Clarissa sat down at the kitchen table to do her depressing accounts and consider the impulse that had led her to take on two more mouths to feed. It was just the silly, tender-hearted thing she would do, she crossly told herself.

With that, she became aware of unusual sounds from the bar—laughter, then low murmuring, followed by another burst of laughter.

Feeling out of it in the silent kitchen, Clarissa got up from the table and opened the door; but, halfway along the passage, she stopped, for the softly agreeable voice of her guest was warbling a quiet little song. He sang with a charming simplicity but it was not a drawing-room song.

Thoughtfully, Clarissa retreated and sat down in the kitchen once more. Her guest, it would seem, was a man of surprising parts; her presence would not add to the gaiety of the bar; in the gathering dusk she sat biting her pen and did not even notice when darkness fell.

Next day the portrait of Selima was set to dry, and Steve took Trump out rabbiting.

They caught no rabbits, and, on their return, Steve attempted to lay

The Little Dog Laughed Continued from page 4

down the rule that a dog has but one meal a day. Immediately Trump vanished from view.

"He'll come back," said Clarissa meekly after they had searched the house and stables and shouted themselves to a croak.

"He's gone down to the village," drawled Simon, appearing from the garden.

So Steve tried to occupy himself in the bar, working on sketches made the previous night. Clarissa wandered aimlessly in and out, offering unconvincing suggestions as to what Trump might be "about" and presently said:

"He's not a happy dog. He takes himself so seriously. Even when rattling with Simon, he just looked stern, for all the noise he made. Why, I've never even seen him wag his tail!"

"I think," said Steve, fiddling with a stump of charcoal, "that he's never had much of a time—fending for himself—he's never had any fun and now doesn't recognise it when it comes. Of course, it mayn't be that at all . . ."

"You're not afraid he's left you?" she said, putting an unerring feminine finger on the spot that hurt most.

"Why shouldn't he? He'd be much better off with a sporting gent—or someone like a prize-fighter—or even Simon. They'd be the right sort of master for him; they're much more his weight."

"It wasn't a master that dog was looking for," she scoffed, "when he adopted you! Toughs like prize-fighters wouldn't suit him at all! None the less, I do wish he would not look glum—it's unnatural, but I don't see what you can do."

She drifted over to the bar where Steve had fallen into gloomy contemplation of his sketch, and looked over his shoulder.

"Oh," she whispered, and fell silent.

He glanced up at her.

"I didn't know," she added lamely, "you were as good as that," and continued to gaze at his portraits, awed amusement in her brown eyes. The room was very still.

"That one," her brown finger pointed, "that is him; Rabalaisian and no real harm in him and actually a bit afraid of his wife. Will you make a picture from that group? Just like that, in the darkening room with the lamps? Will you paint it on canvas?"

Her eagerness surprised him. It was a facet of his young hostess he had not seen.

"Will you?" she persisted; then, abruptly, "Why are you staring at me?"

"I could make a picture of you," he said.

She flushed—to her deep annoyance, because he was looking at her as if she were Selima or a landscape or even one of those sly, laughing men in last night's bar. Then his narrowed eyes jerked open and he exclaimed, "What's all that noise?"

HASTENING to the little window they pushed the curtains back. They were in time to see an undeviating canine mob come trotting round the bend of the road, headed by Trump, grim and purposeful.

"The vicar's dog," breathed Clarissa—and after them all the dogs of the village, lurchers and collies, mongrels and crossbreds, black and white and yellow and grey, the doctor's fat spaniel, the butcher's Labrador, a hysterical Pomeranian—

Barking and yapping, they all turned in at the open gate of the stable yard and the perturbed Clarissa gasped: "Now what do we do?"

It was a Homeric rat hunt. It lasted all the rest of the afternoon and well into the evening past opening time. It was supported in its later and even noisier stages by most of the owners of the dogs involved, though the vicar, it is true, took no active part but leaned over the gate shouting Greek quotations, finally drinking a glass of sherry before reluctantly going home.

It provided argument and reminiscence for the rest of the night and, on breaking up, all agreed that it

was a hunt to be remembered, an epic to re-live when those who were now young were grown old.

"You did ought, Mister," they begged, "to make us a picture of it to go up in the bar!"

In spite of these useful diversions, by the end of the next week a lively portrait of Selima playing her fiddle graced the reverse side of the sign, and both sides had been varnished.

"It's dry enough to hang," Steve announced to Clarissa.

He made the decision with reluctance, for it meant that he and Trump must go. There was no further excuse for lingering. Even the bright green tubs were in place at the side of the road, waiting for Simon to plant them with red and yellow dahlias when the paint should dry.

Clarissa was strangely silent, and Selima sat on top of her post, a most disdainful model!

Simon came out with the ladder and Clarissa fetched a tray of drinks and they made a little ceremony of drinking to the luck of the house when the sign was in place again. It was very brave and shiny, swinging gently in the sunlight against the pale blue autumn sky.

Selima was looking smug now. Trump, however, turned his back on the ceremony and sat with hunched shoulders, not even lifting his head when Simon called him by name.

"Poor little ol' Trump," said Simon slowly, looking down with mournful sympathy all over his charming, silly face. "Knows he's in going. Knows all that's said to 'im, don't you, Trump? Not much that little dawg don't know. And, if you asks me, 'e don't want to go—no more don't Simon want 'im to."

On which pronouncement, Simon stooped and patted the unresponsive Trump and went off with the ladder to the stable yard.

Steve stepped back several paces and put his hands on his hips, squinting critically at his work, and Clarissa put the tray on the ground and came to stand beside him.

STEVE said thoughtfully, "I'm glad we got it up in time for the week-end."

"Yes," said Clarissa. "It should catch the eye of the week-end motorist all right."

"Yes," repeated Clarissa. "Especially with Selima sitting there beneath it. They'll have to stop and see if she's real—and you can be on the look-out for them."

"Like a spider," said Clarissa. "Well, you caught Trump and me," said Steve.

Clarissa glanced at him. "You'll do all right now," persevered Steve. "You've already had two recommendations from your Yorkshire friend and the bar is full again every night—though I'd get a barman, I think." Then he sighed. "We should be going now."

"Trump raised his heavy head and looked morosely at the pair of them. Steve looked at Clarissa.

"Why?" she repeated.

Why? Steve remembered that he'd wanted to paint her portrait as she'd looked that afternoon, leaning eagerly forward, with the shadows under cheekbone and jaw . . . but it wasn't a portrait he wanted now, it was Clarissa. His fingers fretted to touch her. Instead they closed over the few coins in his trouser pocket and he said lightly,

"Why? Because back to London is quite a walk," but his gentle grey eyes were as dismal as Trump's as he turned away.

"Look," cried Clarissa desperately, seeing, with agonising clarity, two lonely figures dwindling away down the London road. "Look, Stephen, don't you—don't you ever jump over the moon?"

Obediently Steve looked—and caught his breath, and his hands came out of his pockets with a rush and his arms went round her . . .

"Oh, look," breathed Clarissa again when she was able to free her head. "Look at Trump!"

Trump, sitting upright on his haunches, was watching them with bright, round eyes, his pointing mouth stretched in a wide, pink grin, his wedge of tongue flopping, his tail thumping the ground.

"He's laughing," breathed Clarissa. (Copyright)

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"HAROLD!! SUNDAY SCHOOL!!"



"I got all th' downstairs ransacked, Butch. How you doin' up here?"

It seems to me . . .

I HEARD two women the other day discussing the news.

"Did you hear about that new nerve gas thing they can use in war now?" said one. "It chokes the victim to death."

"It would be better than being killed by a bomb," said the other thoughtfully.

"Oh, no, it wouldn't," said the first. "I think I'd rather a bomb."

The other suddenly seemed to turn her whole attention to the problem.

"Oh," she said, angrily, with an air of thorough exasperation, "isn't it a vile way to go on?"

Men would call that a typically feminine comment on war, but I can't help thinking it's as pungent a comment as any.

War, ancient or modern, is a thoroughly vile form of behaviour by the human race, and until all people, of whatever country, feel properly exasperated with it as a means of settling problems, there is no hope.

UNDOUBTEDLY war evokes many good qualities—heroism and comradeship and endurance—and it's often said that if peace could be made as exciting as war we'd have more peace.

Yet the Army Minister, Mr. Francis, speaking in Victoria recently, made a good point when he said that the Army should be of as much service in peace as in war, and could serve the community by helping to combat floods, for instance, as it did recently in New South Wales.

He was speaking of a fighting army's peacetime role, but perhaps we might hope that in some far-off ideal future that could be the main function of armies.

Natural disasters can bring forth all the high courage and good human qualities, and, heaven knows, there are plenty of natural disasters without the horrors that man so busily manufactures for himself.

THE Japanese Cabinet has adopted a basic policy of peaceful collaboration with U.N. policing operations and U.S. forces resisting the Communist invasion in South Korea, says a message from Tokio.

When the children of the future ask questions about who are the goodies and the baddies among the nations, the answers will be difficult.

Infant, looking at a map in 1990: "Are the people in that country nice or nasty, great-grandmama?"

"I don't really know, my dear. I think they've been nice sometimes and nasty other times. You can't choose your allies, you know. But I don't take much interest in international affairs these days. I've got enough on my hands trying to stop that wretched man next door from keeping me awake with his lawn-mower on Sunday mornings."

HIT times come and go, some pleasing and some maddening.

However, I have decided that there are enough worries in life without letting a hit tune get one down.

This resolution has proved most useful in the present soaring success of "Music, Music, Music."

It would be simply no use taking a dislike to it. It is hummed, whistled, sung, and howled in every office in town.

A fellow-worker, just recovered from influenza, tells me that in her delirious dreams it was the continuous accompaniment to a set of marionette fan-dancers.

This may not be a compliment to a hit tune. But it is certainly a tribute to the song's hammering monotony, a quality which makes the song-plugger's work no trouble at all.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 22, 1950

By



Dorothy Drain

WHEN Mr. R. C. Webster, President of the Sydney Chamber of Manufactures, gave a dinner-party recently, he and 14 guests were all successful men who started life as telegraph messengers.

Among them were the Governor-General (Mr. McKell), Cardinal Gilroy, the Postmaster-General (Mr. Anthony), a knight, a member of Parliament, several business magnates, and prominent public servants.

It may be merely a matter of chance that this distinguished gathering was drawn from ex-telegram boys. It is possible that you could produce a similarly illustrious dinner table from men who began life as

deck boys or printers' devils. Yet there is something about delivering telegrams that tends to widen horizons.

A small boy, skidding round on his bike, realises that the world is divided into two classes.

One class believes that unless a message can be said in 11 words it is impossible to telegraph, and therefore sends only those which say, "Had good trip," "Come at once," "Arriving train to-night," or "Girl weighing seven pounds."

The other class, composed mostly of business magnates, sends lovely long ones full of "stop" and "please advise," and "step on it," and "regards to your wife."

How could a lad fail to realise that it was worth working for a position in life which enabled him to send 17 words and hang the extra threepence!

WHEN £10,000 worth of diamonds were stolen from a jewelled silver cross from Exeter Cathedral, England, recently, police circulated a message to thieves and receivers of stolen goods pointing out that there might be a hoodoo on the jewels.

The police know their criminals, I suppose, but it is difficult for the ordinary law-abiding person to believe that a big-time crook is superstitious.

What, indeed, makes the potential train-scales chase the conductor with his saxepece so much as the fear that it may be very unlucky to evade the fare?

The man sitting beside him may have been a plain-clothes inspector, and the result may be the ill-fortune of a fine.

Jewel thieves and bandits are made of sterner stuff.

A CHICAGO judge has ruled that if a wife wants to serve hash every night to her husband he must eat it and like it. The judge said, "In the American home the woman is in sole and complete charge." So, with apologies to Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

Do you hear the menfolk growling, oh my sisters,
Does it touch your hardened heart
As you give 'em hash or salads or what suits you
And they cry for apple tart?

Do you see them writhe in female chains of bondage
Now the judge has made 'em tame
And they dare not ask you gently, "What's for dinner?"
Oh, what an awful shame!

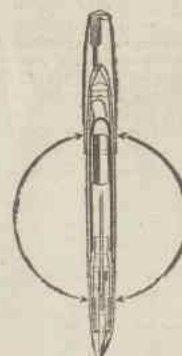
They who once were lords and masters now are servile,
It's enough to make them cross,
Come, be honest and enjoy yourself, my sister,
You're the boss!

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DIVING on the paper, Tom pulled out the sports page and then remembered to thank his mother. "Huh? Oh, yes, we'll get back all right, thanks."

Molly was down next, her pig-tails crooked, eyes sleepy. Her mother asked reprovingly:

"How late did you sit up reading last night?"

"Not very," said Molly, but her eyes were on the floor. "Till about ten, I guess. Mother, did you fix the buttons on my red jacket? I'm going skating to-day and I'll need it."

"Heavens, I forgot all about it, Molly. I'll do it right after breakfast."

"But I wanted to leave right after breakfast," Molly wailed. "Oh, mother!"

"It won't take five minutes," her mother told her, "so don't make such a fuss, Molly. And don't push your cereal away—I want you to eat every bit of it."

"Like me," said Tom, making a horrible face.

"Not like you," said his mother. "You've got to learn not to gulp your food down so fast—then you just sit and fidget till the rest of us are done."

Automatically, her fingers closed over the list and pencil in her pocket; and she took them out and crossed neatly through "Speak to Tommy about gulping." Her eye fell on the final entry: "Prepare family."

"Know what I'm going to do Monday?" she asked.

"What?" asked Molly.

"I'm going to dye my hair. I'm tired of grey."

Her offspring spoke simultaneously: "Mother! You're too old!"

"Mum! You won't look like a mother."

She surveyed them with exasperation. "Does one have to look a hundred and six to look like a mother?"

"Sure," said Bill, coming in behind her and stooping to kiss her ear. "Mothers should look a hundred and fathers two hundred. That's why I didn't shave this morning. What's all this about?"

"She wants to dye her hair," said Molly disgustedly.

"She'll look like Mrs. Black," said Tom in alarm.

"I didn't say I'd dye it red," she said. "Same color Nature gave me—maybe just a little lighter."

"Ah, a peroxide blonde," said Bill.

"Any mail?"

She handed him his three letters, and began sitting open her own with the butter knife.

"Mine's all ads—or bills—by the look of it," she said. She pulled them from their envelopes.

"Dear Subscriber: We wonder if you have seen our special new combination offer—" "Dear Customer: There will be a special sale—" "Fellow Citizen: What are you doing—" The last one, hidden under the others, had her brother's handwriting; but it turned out to be only a news clipping, with a scribbled "Dear Sir: What do you think of this?" across the top.

"Father telephoned," she said. "He's driving over with Mr. Harmon. They expect to get here at five, so I can't meet you at the club, Bill."

"H'm," he said absent-mindedly, nose in the paper. "Did my suit get back from the cleaners?"

"No," she said. "I'll pick it up for you to-day."

She pulled her list towards her and added: "Molly's buttons, Tom to game. Suit from cleaners." She crossed out "Meet Bill" and after "oilcloth" wrote a firm "yellow."

The page was awfully full. She put a large question mark next to "new bathrobe" and returned the list to her pocket.

After breakfast, she sewed the buttons on Molly's jacket. Then she rang Mrs. Bowling. "This is Tommy's mother. I'll be glad to drive the boys over to the basket-

My Name is Mary

Continued from page 5

ball this afternoon. Pick Wally up at one-thirty?"

She went over the marketing list again, and crossed out leg of lamb—father didn't like it—and substituted veal. She helped Effie make up the guest room. She found Bill's socks for him.

"Who's giving you a lift to the club? Nat Shafer? You're going to be late."

"Ring him, will you, and tell him to give me a few minutes' grace?"

Back to the phone. "Mr. Shafer? This is Bill Ford's wife. He's going to be about ten minutes late."

It was ten-forty-five before she collected Bill's suit from the cleaners; it was eleven by the time she drove up to the supermarket and faced the Saturday crowd with dismay. It was twelve by the time she was home again, with no time to do anything but unload the car and wash before lunch.

Molly came in wind-blown and rosy, pig-tails in disorder, and fell upon her with little cries. "Mother! We had the most divine time! And I tore the buttons off my jacket again!"

"Oh, Molly!" But she smiled and hugged the child to her.

"You know what, Mother?" Molly kissed her softly on one cheek. "I love you. You're the nicest mother in the world."

"Thank you, darling," she said. "I'm fond of you myself."

Lunch was soup and sandwiches, and she watched in dismay while her son ate six.



"Tom! You'll burst."

"Gee, Mom, I'm hungry. Is there any cake?"

There would just be time, she thought, to get to the Picasso show before they had to pick up Wally.

But Tom was horrified. "Look at pictures? What for? I thought maybe you'd stop at Hunter's—I haven't spent my birthday money yet, and there's the keenest knife—"

"If I can rush the Ladies' Aid through the meeting, she thought, as she parked her car in front of the town hall, and we're through by three-thirty there'll still be time for the Picasso—" Have to give up the suit for to-day. But a storm broke about her ears as she entered the meeting room. It was three on the dot; Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Gleason hadn't arrived yet—but she'd start, anyway.

She rapped with her gavel on the scarred pine table. "Will the meeting please come to order?"

"Madam Chairman," said Mrs. Black, rising, her breast heaving. "I understand that at the last meeting, which I was unable to attend—"

It was after four when she was at last able to announce that the meeting was adjourned. Just time to get home, change, and be ready for father's arrival.

It was a good dinner, and she was glad she had remembered to get veal instead of lamb—father ate with gusto. Afterwards, in front of the living-room fire, she sat and watched them contentedly as father told the children of his adventures in the Spanish-American War.

"But the medals, grandfather,"

said Tom, remembering suddenly. "Did you bring the medals? Like you promised?"

His grandfather slapped his own knee in vexation. "Had them all out to bring and left them on top of the bureau. What a stupid old man I'm turning out to be!"

"It's all right," said Tom, but his face had fallen.

"Daughter, why don't you call Mrs. Vickers and ask her to mail them over, special delivery? Then they'll get here by Monday."

Smiling, she went to the phone and called Hartford. "Mrs. Vickers? This is Mr. Johnson's daughter. He left a box on his bureau—"

But when she returned from the phone, her father was scowling.

"What's this young Molly's been telling me? You're going to dye your hair?"

"Yes, I think so, father," she said. "Why not?"

"Your mother had grey hair," he said. "And she was the most beautiful woman in Hartford. You look a lot like her, daughter. And there's something not—well, not respectable about dyed hair."

"See?" said Tom smugly, and Molly echoed in a scandalised tone, "Not respectable."

She turned in despair to Bill, but he only grinned at her, and took her hand. "Your battle," he said.

She sighed. "I suppose if you all really hate the idea, I'll have to give it up."

She was the last to go to bed, and when she stood in the bathroom brushing her hair, hers was the only light burning. On the shelf above the washbasin lay her morning's list, the paper creased and rearranged.

She put down the brush and took up the pencil. Ladies' Aid—check. Tom to game—check. Molly's buttons—check. Bill's suit—check. Picasso show—cross it through. Winter suit—cross through. New bathrobe—cross through.

She let the pencil fall and looked at herself in the mirror. It was misted over from the steam of Bill's shower, and her face showed dimly and in patches. The voices of her household echoed in her ears. "Good night, ma'am." "Good night, daughter." "Night, mom." "This is Bill Ford's wife." "Tommy's mother—" "Mr. Johnson's daughter." "Dear Sir—" "Dear Customer—" "Dear Subscriber—" "Madam Chairman."

She put down the brush and wiped the mirror clear, and stared into her own eyes. My name is Mary, she said to herself. But what had happened to Mary?

Mary was a little girl in a white sweater and a pleated skirt who had gone arm-in-arm with her best friend, scuffling through the fallen leaves on Main Street.

Mary was a girl in a blue chiffon dress who had turned her face in the spring night to Bill's whispered "I love you."

Mary had stood on hilltops and known herself for the centre of a universe that spread at her feet in undulating fields and rock-strewn meadows, the target of summer breezes, the reason why flowers bloomed and rivers flowed and music thundered. Mary had been Mary. Where was she now?

Her eyes dropped from the mirror, and, picking up the pencil again, she reached for the dangling pad and turned the top sheet back. At the head of the next she wrote with a firm hand "Monday," and directly beneath: "Get hair dyed." The pad dangled back into place. Once more she lifted her eyes to the mirror.

Dear mom, dear daughter, dear subscriber, Madam Chairman—stop mooning and get to bed. She switched out the light.

She groped for the door handle and turned it softly, in case Bill was already asleep. But as she stood for a moment in the doorway to the bedroom, his voice came to her softly through the dark. "Mary," he said.

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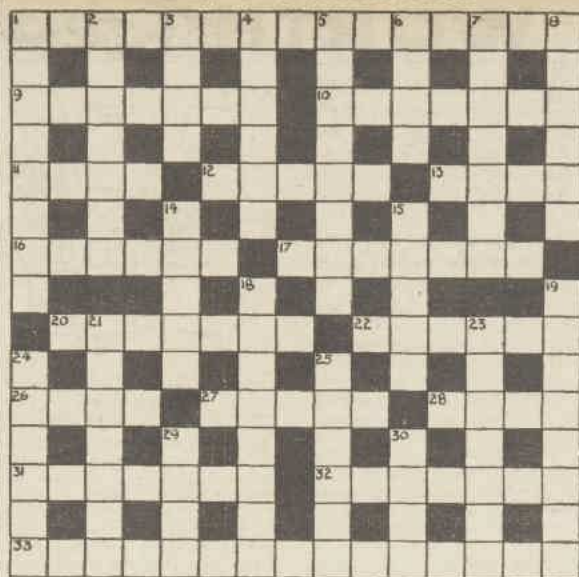
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Study a Catty Creek. (ANAGRAM, 6, 1, 2, 4, 1)
9. See a van, one returning to it, at a stone-age fellow. (4, 3)
10. A pal you are, but not professional. (7)
11. Inclines with a prop and bulches with-out one. (4)
12. Uncoloured. (5)
13. If true really free. (4)
14. Induct or confuse the Ven. (4)
15. Embarkment equal to a favorite. (7)
20. Inertia. (7)
22. To mother to a saddy vegetable. (6)
24. To back to a German king. (4)
27. Sit in by juicy fruit. (3)
28. To leave a guinea. (4)
31. In French entertain and plead. (7)
32. No diminutive girl's name back the French (11, 4)
33. To prepare for battle by taking reversed red before a Shakespearean King adding to it the pack of cards. (2, 2, 2, 3)

DOWN

1. Relative to a thousand who lived in a cabin. (5, 3)
2. Diana and Latin coppers separated. (7)
3. I am in about frost. (4)
4. One in a punster's ship in one dimension only. (6)
5. Shovey slap before a pitfall. (8)
6. Why an egg is a period. (4)
7. Beat up the French in syrup. (7)
8. Artist and I try confusedly for an uncommon thing. (6)
14. Color mightily. (8)
15. Obstacle on a noblemen. (5)
16. Workman for muddled steer. (8)
17. Ruddy fish comforts. (4)
21. A saint at one hundred not keeping one position. (7)
23. Poison mixed in wine. (7)
24. Mighty Italian river with a portable shelter. (9)
25. Deep ditch. (4)
26. Only a French mother. (4)
30. In the course of a not bright return. (4)

Solution to last week's crossword



JOSEPHINE . . .

Continued from page 18

NAPOLEON'S infidelities took a more serious character with his meeting with Countess Maria Walewska, in Warsaw. From this brief liaison a son was born.

When Napoleon finally determined on a divorce from Josephine, the courage with which he had faced the armies of Europe was not enough to face Josephine's tears.

Moreover, he knew the people of Paris and the men of his armies loved her.

For nearly two years the subject was gingerly raised and then hastily dropped. At one stage, appealing to her to give him a divorce for the sake of France, he offered her the province of Rome, and five million francs a year.

When Josephine finally realised Napoleon would prevail, she cried and complained incessantly, telling everyone of the iniquitous treatment she was receiving.

On December 15, 1809, before the Court, Napoleon and Josephine read their speeches announcing the divorce.

To secure an annulment of the Church marriage, Napoleon invoked the impediment of there being no parish priest at the ceremony.

The next day, the desolated Josephine retired to Malmaison.

Soon she became reconciled to her loss. As she became more cheerful and forgiving, Napoleon's regard for her grew once more.

The day after her arrival at Malmaison, Napoleon visited his "best

AMONG Josephine's biographers are E. A. Rheinhardt ("Josephine, Wife of Napoleon I"), Joseph Turquan ("The Empress Josephine"), and W. Geer ("Napoleon and His Family"). Her own memoirs, edited by G. Ducrest, are also of interest.

and dearest friend," to make sure she was happy and comfortable.

Although Napoleon declared he would never get over his "eternal weakness for Josephine," he rapidly made preparations for his marriage to Marie-Louise of Austria.

At Malmaison, Josephine continued her frivolous existence. She entertained lavishly. No hat was too youthful for her, no frock too girlish to drape about her matron's figure.

She still had letters from Napoleon regularly. Marie-Louise and her son, the King of Rome, disappeared into Austria, leaving the Emperor without a consort again.

On May 30, 1814, at Malmaison, Josephine died of septic angina.

The news of her death was brought to Napoleon at Elba.

During the Hundred Days, he sought refuge at Malmaison, and, while awaiting his sentence, wandered through the musty, faded rooms of the chateau.

Perhaps it is true that he died saying, "France . . . the Army . . . Josephine."



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NEW PEPSODENT GIVES THE WHITEST TEETH—THE CLEANEST, FRESHEST BREATH

HERE ARE THE RULES:

Any number of entries may be submitted, but each entry must be submitted on an official entry form. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Each entry must include your own name and address and the name and address of the retailer from whom you obtained your entry form. Send entries to "Pepsodent Jingle Contest," Box 4984, G.P.O., Sydney. Contest closes midnight, July 21st, 1950. Winners of radiograms will be announced on the Pepsodent programme, "King of Quiz," broadcast nationally on August 10th. All radio prizes in the daily press on August 11th; winners of Waterman pens will be advised by letter.

CLOSING DATE—MIDNIGHT, 21st JULY, 1950.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO!

Write a 2-line Pepsodent Jingle beginning
I like Pepsodent

(Do not fill in this space—use official entry form obtainable free from all chemists and stores.)

Sample Jingle

I like Pepsodent, with Irium it's right!
Removes dulling film, makes my teeth white.

PEPSODENT gives the WHITEST teeth

PI.25.WW17

WORTH Reporting

AS avid readers of the fashion news which every year pours forth in descriptions of the Royal Ascot race meeting, we were somewhat shaken to learn from Australian Mollie Gleeson, who was one of the visitors there this year, that at least 45 per cent. of the elegant frocking paraded is hired for the occasion.

"A well-known London shop," writes Miss Gleeson, "has a stock of these lovely clothes of which the retail price is up to £80 or £90, but which they hire out for the day at a cost of from one to four guineas."

"You trek off to Ascot, have a grand day, feeling really well dressed for the occasion, and then return the frock!" Miss Gleeson relates.

She adds that the food at Ascot was wonderful—everything that the most fastidious gourmet could wish for.

"For 7/6 we had cantaloupe melon, Scotch salmon, roast turkey, and ices. There were strawberries, too, but I missed out on those."

"As for drinks, well, there was plenty—gin, whisky, and champagne at £2/10/- a bottle."

"Perfect boy" now has another ambition

TWELVE years ago Sir Leonard Hill, famous physiologist, announced that he had discovered a boy living in a log cabin in Buckinghamshire who was physically perfect.

At the time parents all over Britain were surprised to hear that the boy ate less than most of their youngsters, less, indeed, than an average small monkey, and much the same type of food.

Sir Leonard revealed that for two years he had been watching the boy and subjecting him to laboratory tests which showed him to be in perfect health.

The boy was nine-year-old Christopher Bosanquet, descendant of three judges, three lawyers, several clergymen, and a past-Governor of the Bank of England.

Soon the perfect boy was forgotten and no one heard any more of his meagre diet, his joy in rolling naked in the snow, and his ability to do the heaviest manual labor.

Now he has reappeared, six feet tall, blond, lean, and handsome. Under a new name—Christopher Jermy—he is a member of the Oxford Repertory Company, and he still tries to keep to the diet of fruit, nuts, root vegetables, and spinach on which his parents brought him up.

"I seldom get colds," he says, "and I still feel very fit. I have a cold bath every morning, and I don't drink, smoke, or eat sweets."

Whenever Christopher has a free moment he becomes again a nature-boy, making his way to the woods round Oxford.

The perfect boy wants to become the perfect actor.



"He didn't need a haircut. You put his parka on backwards."



"Ray, tell them that story I always finish for you."

MOST of us are content with one lounge suite in our sitting-rooms, but one Melbourne suburban man has no fewer than three.

"I've heard the tale from the man, a second-hand furniture dealer, who explained that storage space in his suburb was at such a premium that he was forced to take the overflow from his business into his own home."

"The trouble is we can't get into the room now," he says. "Visitors sit on hard chairs in the kitchen while no fewer than six armchairs and three couches go unoccupied in the lounge."

At 65 he still runs marathons

NOW in his 66th year, marathon runner Stewart Vance, who has just returned from a run round Great Britain amounting to 3000 miles, thinks that he is now running better than he ever has before.

"My times in all the marathon runs I undertook during my two years in England, Scotland, and Eire prove it," he says.

He was very indignant when, before he left Australia just on two years ago, a doctor forbade him starting in a 26-mile marathon race because he said he had a slight blood pressure.

"I started just the same, unofficially, and finished tenth in the race, after giving the field a five-minute start," he said.

"In Glasgow, however, a doctor tested my blood pressure after a race and found it quite normal."

"He was so surprised he called two other doctors to confirm his recording."

Overseas Mr. Vance won a number of races, and often beat Olympic and Empire Games champions in distances ranging from foot to twenty-two miles.

"The four-mile race at College Green, in Dublin, in which Swedish athletes competed, and in which I came fourth, was really out of my class. I don't like these grasshopper sprints. However, they gave me a silver cup for it," he said.

Whatever his placing, there was one prize that Mr. Vance was sure of in all the 14 races that he ran while overseas—the prize for the oldest competitor to reach the finishing line.

Mr. Vance, who has been a widower for 30-odd years, has had a varied life. Apart from running he has been a jockey, an amateur boxer, and a vaudeville artist.

He has served in two World Wars, being five years with the 6th, 7th, and 9th Divisions during the last war.

His only recipe for good health is a simple diet of grills and fruit—particularly oranges—and no smoking or drinking.

FAMOUS Italian thriller-writer

Giovanni Perrone decided to try out one of his plots and kidnap a young woman. Outside the railway station of Brignolo, in North Italy, he forced a woman at the point of a gun into his car and drove her to an empty villa.

Once there, the girl, Vanda Barilli, a professional acrobat, disarmed Perrone, fractured his jaw, and drove him in his own car to the nearest police station.

Golf caddies may be a vanishing race

FOLLOWING their adoption overseas, mobile golf-bag carriers are becoming popular on Australian courses.

Soon caddies—a picturesque race—may be rare, and a valuable source of material for cartoonists will vanish.

The golf-bag carrier is a simple contrivance on something the same principle as a baby's pusher.

The golfer using one will have to push about two pounds extra in weight, his total loading depending, of course, on the type of bag and number of sticks he uses.

The golf-bag carrier retails in Australia for around £5, and may be hired on some courses for about 2/- a round.

As 10/- a round, including tips, is not uncommon as a caddy-fee these days, it would not be long before the regular player worked out the cost of his carrier.

Professionals think the carriers will replace caddies on all courses except those which are very hilly, or have a good deal of rough country, and for championship play.

Perhaps the old-fashioned golfer will miss the human touch, and some enterprising person may invent a phonograph attachment to the carrier, so that at the psychological moment the nervous or inexperienced player will be able to hear those words of encouragement and advice which caddies traditionally give.

EXERCISING their horses round

the lake in Albert Park recently, two Melbourne schoolgirls were distressed to see a little black dog swimming near the shore submerged and not reappear.

Hurriedly discarding boots and breeches, in the privacy of a clump of bushes, they waded out to his rescue wearing "hula" skirts of bushes clutched over their padded underwear.

They found the dog in a lifeless condition entangled in weeds, but prompt squeezing emptied his lungs of the lake and set his tail wagging again.

New taste in books surprises librarians

OUR London representative writes to tell us that librarians there are surprised by the demand for two books about nature—Dorothea Eastwood's "River Diary" and Kenneth Milligan's "Alone."

The first is a record of life with Mrs. Eastwood, her husband, and son in a fishing hut on the banks of the Usk, near the Welsh town of Abergavenny.

She gives her readers the sights, sounds, and smells of a lovely countryside, and a delightful picture of the little boy who says one evening after a hard day's fishing: "My soul's gay, but my skin's worked too hard."

Kenneth Milligan writes his experiences of buying a small derelict cottage near Snowdon, again in Wales. Single-handed he built himself a study, and on returning to "civilisation" found there was a great deal to be said for the solitary life.

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POWDERS**



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STOP PAIN FASTER

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 7

STELLA remembered that Granny Bogan, when she gave her the bag, had told her that if she wished to see into her lover's heart she must soak the leaves in the water of a fairy well on the night of the full moon, and here was the pixies' well just beside her.

She took out the little muslin bag and opened it, dipped up some of the clear, sparkling water into her hollowed left hand, shook some of the rue into it, and bathed her eyes.

When she had done it she felt a little uneasy. Was she being very superstitious? What would mon Pere say to such a performance? He would tell her that she ought to go to St. Michael's Chapel and pray, as she had done before when she had been unhappy about Zachary. And so she would. She would go to-morrow when she was back at Tortre.

Next morning, when Dr. Crane came to visit old Sol, whose rheumatics were bad, Stella asked him to drive her back to Tortre. She was unusually silent as they drove along, and the doctor looked at her thoughtfully.

"What is it, Stella?" he asked. "Zachary doesn't like it where he is," she answered solemnly.

"He's not fond of the sea, certainly, but he'll soon be home," said the doctor.

"He wasn't at sea in the dream I had last night," said Stella. "He was in a dreadful place. It was dirty and looked like a sort of dungheap. He was sitting leaning against the wall, and it was slimy. I could see the slime, and I could see Zachary's face. It was bruised, and one eye was shut up, as though he had been fighting, but it wasn't the bruises that made it look so dreadful."

"What was it?" asked the doctor.

"The look on his face. He was afraid. He thought he would never get out. He was afraid he would go mad. And he wanted you and me very badly but he knew that there was no way that he could tell us where he was. I tried to call out to him that I was there, but my voice wouldn't come out of my mouth. And I tried to run to him, but my feet wouldn't move . . . Then I woke up."

"You had a nightmare," said the doctor. "What did you have for supper? Rabbit pie?"

"Milk and bread and honey. And it wasn't a nightmare. I'd bathed my eyes with rue and the water from the pixies' well, like Granny Bogan told me to do if I wanted to see into my lover's heart."

"So Zachary is your lover, is he?" asked the doctor lightly.

"Yes. He loves me," said Stella. "Sir, where is he?"

"At sea in his frigate. You had a nightmare, and now listen. If any disaster had happened to Zachary I should have been told. The authorities have my name as his adopted father. But no disaster has happened to Zachary. Too much new bread and honey is very indigestible, as I've told you before." "It was very stale bread. It was Thursday's baking. Please, sir, you must go to London and find Zachary."

"Stella, use your wits. Just because you had a nightmare, do you think that I should leave my patients and go tearing off on a wild goose chase to London? Old Sol is ill. Mrs. Baxter in the village is going to have a baby. And there is a little girl with scarlet fever whom I do not leave now for more than a few hours at a time."

Stella was silent for some while, and then she said, "No, you can't go. But mon Pere could go to London."

"And what makes you think Monsieur le Comte de Colbert will change all his plans just because a little girl has had a nightmare?" asked the doctor with amusement.

"Mon Pere would do anything in the world for me so long as it did

not harm my immortal soul," said Stella, with simple conviction.

The morning continued too hot and too bright. By the evening a storm was brewing.

Mrs. Lorraine went to bed early with a thunder headache, and told Stella to go too. But in her room, instead of undressing, Stella put on her bonnet and a pair of stout shoes. She hated storms and the matter of thunder in the distance made her heart beat loud, but Mrs. Lorraine had been ailing all day and needing her, and she had not been able to go to St. Michael's Chapel. And so she must go now.

To stay at home would be to fail Zachary. Rosalind, the girl of the legend, had never once failed her lover, and she would not fail either.

The steep climb up Chapel Hill taxed her weary small body to the utmost, and halfway up she had to sit down and rest, looking out to sea, her back against a rock. It will be dark in the chapel, thought Stella, as she started to climb again, it will be dark and frightening.

Yet as she came near she was astonished to see light shining out from the chapel windows, a deep orange glow that was lovely and most reassuring. The weariness went out of her and she scrambled up the last bit of the way quite quickly and came to the chapel door.

Looking in, she saw a lantern burning in one of the alcoves in the north wall, and, before the place where the altar had once been, a white-haired man was kneeling, saying his prayers. She gave a cry of delight and he turned and saw her, then got up and held out his arms, and she ran across the rocky floor and fell into them.

IT was mon Pere.

This was the first time that he and Stella had clung together like this, but it seemed so natural that it did not occur to either of them to be surprised.

"You're in trouble, child?" asked the Abbe, looking down at her.

"Yes, mon Pere," said Stella.

They sat down together on the outcrop of rock where they had sat the first day they had met, and she poured out the whole story.

"You'll go, mon Pere?" asked Stella anxiously.

"Certainly," he said briefly.

Stella's tale of fairies and eye lotion he dismissed as nonsense, but her dream he believed, for he had not forgotten that she had known before when things were not well with Zachary.

One of those sudden gusts of wind that usher in a storm swept round the chapel, and without a word to each other, because it was the natural thing to do in this place, they knelt down and prayed for those in peril.

Going down the steep path, they were glad of the Abbe's lantern, for they would scarcely have seen how to pick their way over the rocks without it. The roll of the thunder was near now and the lightning was playing over the restless sea.

All at once, there came a ripping open of the black sky above them, a crash of nearer thunder, and the descent of the rain. It came suddenly, falling in heavy sheets.

Before she had time to get wet the Abbe picked Stella up in his arms, wrapped his cloak round her, and 'tis striding rapidly along with his back to the storm.

His arms about her were as strong as iron, stronger even than Father Sprigg's, and gave her a sense of safety such as she had never felt before.

They reached Mrs. Lorraine's house and the Abbe opened the front door and set Stella gently down in the little hall, remaining himself, dripping upon the mat.

Please turn to page 32



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O. 19. 11



Anne Matheson home again after fifteen years

London correspondent tells how brief tour became exciting career

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

Anne Matheson, of our London office, is paying a flying visit to Australia for the first time in 15 years.

In that 15 years she has had a more exciting career than any young girl planning to see the world could have imagined in her wildest dreams.

WHEN she left this country in 1935 she had enough money for a few months' holiday in England and Scotland, and modest plans of looking for a stenographer's job in London.

But instead she became one of the most widely travelled journalists in the world with a string of adventurous assignments and "top flight" stories behind her.

Among her big assignments she:

- Covered border incidents in Czechoslovakia before the Munich crisis.

- Landed in France four days after D-Day, and later followed the U.S. Army through to Berlin.

- Flew "piggy-back" in a U.S. Thunderbolt giving fighter-cover to the Airborne Division over the Rhine.

- Interviewed Hermann Goering after his capture.

- Spent a week-end as guest of President and Mrs. Roosevelt at their Hyde Park home.

- Toured South Africa with the Royal Family.

- Spent three weeks in Finland last year as guest of the Finnish Government, and travelled

within the Arctic Circle to Pallas-Troms, the farthest point to which one can travel.

In Finland her photograph appeared on the cover of a national magazine.

When I met Anne, shortly after her arrival in Australia, she was wearing one of two hats given her by the Duchess of Kent's milliner, Mme. Vernier, the day before she left London.

The hats and a black suit she bought "off the rack" were the only new clothes she had time to acquire for this trip, although she has prepared "trousseaus" three times during the past ten years for visits to Australia.

"I was coming in the ship with the Duke and Duchess of Kent, when the Duke was appointed Governor-General of Australia, but the war broke out and they did not go," she told me. "When the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester went to Australia, I thought I was going to travel with them, but they decided against having a press party in the ship.



AT SINGAPORE, on flight to Australia, Anne Matheson, left, and Qantas flight hostess Pamela Waddell buy souvenirs.

"Then there was talk of my coming out in the Vanguard with the King and Queen. I rushed round to the King's office."

When Anne set off from Australia she was in her early twenties, had 10 months' experience as a stenographer, and, despite the warning of depression years, figured there was a chance of a career in London when a fellow-passenger on the ship, after watching her keep a diary in shorthand, offered her a job in his London office.

But Anne went straight to Scotland to stay with her cousin Alexander MacKinnon, manager of the King's estate, who lived next to John Bowes-Lyon, and when she reached London she found the offered job had been filled.

She hunted round until she found a job with a French press agency, where she improved her French, but was "worked to death" for £3 a week.

"The Abyssinian War was on at the time, and after about a fortnight I found that this agency was selling Italian propaganda paragraphs, disguised as news, to the English press," she said.

"I was employed to write these paragraphs in English and send them out, so after I woke up to things I put them in addressed envelopes all right, but dropped them, in their envelopes, into garbage cans."

In a depressed mood, because she could not find another job, Anne watched a sign-writer print the letters "AUS" on

the empty office next door, decided Austrians were taking it, but rushed in frantically asking for a job, when the sign-writer told her The Australian Women's Weekly and associated publications were moving in.

"To my delight, the London editor took me on," she said.

"I rented an all-electric flat in the new White House in Regent's Park. It was very 'posh,' with telephone, squash courts, swimming pool and bar. I paid fourpence a day, for early morning tea, ten shillings a week for housekeeping service, chops were a penny-half-penny each, Australian butter tenpence a pound, and I felt life and my career were really under way."

In 1937 Anne went to Paris for a four-day holiday on £10 she saved from her earnings. She paid £2/11/- return fare, bought herself a frock, and sent presents home to her family in Australia.

"Walking down the streets of Paris for the first time is something you never forget," she told me, although she is not so keen about Paris to-day.

"The contrast between rich and poor is too marked."

It was that Paris trip which started Anne on her journalistic career. Paragraphs she wrote about Parisian fashions were published, and Anne was appointed to the editorial staff of The Australian Women's Weekly.

She really got going journalistically, however, in 1938, when she paid £9 for a round-trip holiday ticket to Prague. When she got to that turbulent capital she found it humming with activity, because of Hitler's doings, so she installed herself in the luxury Alcron Hotel and sent back "front-page" stories.

She was back in London in time to get a "world-beat" on the appointment of the Duke and Duchess of Kent to the Governor-Generalship of Australia.

"I was at the Palace peering through the King's Secretary, who was then Sir Eric Mieville, for information about the Princesses' swimming pool.



A SYDNEY PORTRAIT of Anne Matheson, of our London staff, taken after her arrival here. Her by-line is familiar to all readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Sir Eric distracted my attention completely from this news item by giving me the official announcement that the King had just signed the order of appointment of the Duke of Kent as Governor-General."

"It was the order of appointment. I ran so hard back to the office that I fell over in the fog in the Mall. I telephoned the story to Australia and had a 24-hour beat on the rest of the British and Dominion Press."

From then on Anne wrote reams about the Kents until the outbreak of war, when the R.A.N., A.I.F., and R.A.A.F. took prior place in her typewriter.

She covered the evacuation of France shortly before Dunkirk, and was bombed out one night in October, 1940.

Escaped bombing

ANNE was then sharing a flat in a Kensington block with an Australian air-hostess. Their dinner party was broken up early by an aggressively patriotic woman guest who talked war incessantly, and the guests had just departed when the flats received a direct hit.

Other tenants, who were in the shelter, were killed outright, but Anne and her friend escaped with only a shaking.

She had American accreditation as a war correspondent and collected a prize of lipstick and bobby-pins from Mrs. Roosevelt because she was able to keep up with the strenuous itinerary of the then American First Lady.

"Nothing could have been more welcome in wartime England," Anne said.

During a visit to America in 1944, Anne was asked by Mrs. Roosevelt to spend a week-end at Hyde Park.

"Mrs. Roosevelt greeted me in a swim-suit and a torn rubber bathing

cap, helped me unpack, did up the straps of my bathing suit, and carried me off to the pool with her."

While travelling with the U.S. Army to Berlin, Anne looted a pair of white satin curtains given by Hitler to Robert Ley, German Labor Front leader, and made them into a sleeping-bag, but she is still disappointed that she did not get one of Emmy Goering's mink coats.

"It was bitterly cold and Emmy's several mink coats were hanging in a castle near Nuremberg," she said.

"We'd have been the first to get to them, but the bridge was bombed just when we were about ready to cross it, so I didn't get my mink."

Anne, who was married in 1941 to London newspaperman Paul Bewsher, travelled to Australia on the same plane as famous philosopher and author Bertrand Russell.

When former R.A.A.F. pilot Phil Devonport, now flying with Qantas, joined the plane crew at Karachi, Anne recognised him as one of the many R.A.A.F. boys she interviewed during the war.

"We talked the whole war over again and Lord Russell was so interested he couldn't get on with writing his broadcast," she said.

But when they got to Singapore Anne made up for this by typing his broadcast for him.

Our cover

PITY the Poor Model! is the theme expressed by artist Wep on our cover this week.

While other people are wrapped up against the winter cold the model must pose prettily in the icy waters — and look happy about it — showing the new season's beach wear that will be on sale when the swimming season opens several months hence.



IMPORTANT assignments covered by Anne Matheson, seen above in her war correspondent's uniform, included the evacuation of Dunkirk and aspects of Allied invasion of Europe.

LOVELY U.S. MANNEQUINS

FLYING to Australia are four of the most beautiful models in America. Portraits of the girls appear on this page.

They will model for Australian women all that is best in American fashions.

A representative collection by top-flight designers will be shown in Sydney at these parades from August 21 to August 26. Sponsors are the Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne and Adelaide, in conjunction with Neiman-Marcus, of Dallas, Texas, through the Daily and Sunday Telegraph and David Jones Ltd.

Leader of the group is Mrs. Ruth Hancock. She has a creamy skin, dark brown hair, and a flair for wearing elegant styles.

Brunette Margo Price, Elizabeth Arden's No. 1 mannequin, has been modelling clothes since she left school.

Tall blonde Carmen Dell'Orifice, who will be recognised from her pictures in "Vogue," was only 15 when a full-page color portrait of her by Beaton attracted much attention.

Said to be the most photographed model in America, Andrea Johnson earns as much as £300 a week. She is in the £22 hourly class.



LEADING New York model, blonde Andrea Johnson, above.



VIVACIOUS Margo Price, a sparkling brunette, is delighted to come to Australia, because she always wanted to travel.



NOTED ethereal beauty, **DIRECTOR** and head model, Carmen Dell'Orifice, above.



Mrs. Ruth Hancock, right.

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THEY BECOME

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
KNITTING BOOK

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Gentian Hill

Continued from page 29

STELLA took off her bonnet and stood smiling up at the Abbe. But he did not return her smile. His face looked grey in the candlelight and he stood as though turned to stone, staring at the gold locket round Stella's neck.

"Stella, the locket," he said harshly. "Where did you get it?" The harshness of his tone so startled Stella that unconsciously she put up her hands to hide her treasure. "Mother Sprigg gave it to me," she whispered.

The Abbe put a hand against the wall. "Fool!" he adjured himself. Gold locket was not a rarity. The one he had chosen for Therese had been a cheap one, though it had been the best he could afford, and there had probably been another dozen in the shop of the same design.

He achieved a smile and bowed to the startled girl still staring up at him. "Good-bye, Stella. I shall be in London by the end of the week."

The front door banged behind him and he was gone.

In London, the Abbe was fortunate in renting a tiny attic room in the house where he had lodged during those bitter days after he had first come back from Ireland.

Next morning he presented himself at Newgate prison, joining the pitiful crowd of prisoners' friends watching at the felons' door. Owing to his respectable appearance he was the first to be admitted, and was ushered straight away into the ante-room where the visitors were searched.

Afterwards the Abbe went down a stone passage to a door which a turnkey, keeping guard beside it, unlocked and unbolled. Passing through he found himself in a long, narrow passage, its walls formed of iron bars. On one side was a yard, round which the prison was built and where the prisoners were exercised, and on the other, behind a double grating, was the first of the prison wards.

It was even worse than he had thought. A wave of nausea swept over him, and he did not see very clearly for a moment or two.

Then, breathing painfully, he forced himself to look steadily at the inmates of the dreadful cage. Most of them looked infirm, and many of them were only half clothed. The dirt and overcrowding, the noise and stench were horrible. He could not find Zachary, and with relief he turned away, pushed through the crowd of visitors, and found again the turnkey who had let him in.

"Are these condemned men?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Men condemned to the hulks or Botany Bay."

"Where are the untried men?"

"Round the other side of the yard, sir."

The Abbe walked slowly round to the other side, noticing as he went the military sentinels posted on the roof. The scene here was much the same but not quite so terrible, because the men had not been here so long and many still had some hope.

Once more he pressed himself against the double bars, his anxious gaze going from face to face of the crowd who were pressing against them on the other side. But though he stayed there for what seemed to himself an interminable time he could not see Zachary.

Then, when he was on the point of turning away, through a sudden gap in the crowd, as though a wave had toppled and parted, he saw a picture that he never afterwards forgot.

Under a grating high in the wall a wooden washbasin had been set and several men were gathered about it attempting to wash their clothes. The water in the tub appeared filthy, the rags they were wringing out of

it scarcely less so, yet the Abbe found the sight incredibly heartening; for here were a few men struggling after decency; men who were not yet wild beasts like the rest.

One of them, stripped to the waist, had his back to the Abbe. He was a tall boy with dark tumbled hair and a thin brown back upon which the bones showed markedly. He half turned, wringing out his shirt, but before the Abbe could see his face the gap in the crowd had closed again and he was hidden.

It might have been Zachary, or it might not, but the Abbe was not going to leave until he knew.

During the next twenty minutes he moved up and down the bars, trying ceaselessly for another sight of that boy.

Then, quite suddenly, he saw him again. He had finished his bit of washing and hung it on a rail to dry, and now he was leaning against the wall shivering without his shirt. He was Zachary, but so changed that for a full moment the Abbe had not been quite certain.

He was not looking at the Abbe, and the turnkeys were coming down the passage, shouting that the visiting hour was over. The Abbe called "Zachary!" but his voice did not carry to where the boy stood, and then the turnkeys were among them, seizing the visitors by their shoulders and pulling them roughly away from the bars.

The Abbe, in his desperation remembered their meeting in his sitting-room after the wrestling match, and how quick had been their response one to the other. Nothing that had happened since had had any power to destroy the instant liking that had been like a bridge between them. It must still hold. He did not shout again, but with his eyes on Zachary he set himself to cross it.

ZACHARY turned his head and their eyes met just as the turnkey's hand descended on the Abbe's shoulder and he was pulled from the bars. It did not matter. Almost unbelieving joy shone over Zachary's face, and from the Abbe's came that gleam of light, like a rapier flashing in the sun, that had so startled Zachary at their first meeting.

The Abbe, pushed backwards like the rest, could see tears pouring down the boy's face, but only the tears of a child awaking suddenly from nightmare. Zachary knew now that he was not forgotten in the pit into which he had fallen.

The Abbe waved his hat, turned, and made his way back into the outer world.

The Abbe had all the aristocrat's power of getting what he wanted with the minimum of difficulty. The various letters of introduction which he needed were soon in his possession, and three days later the governor of the prison allowed him an interview with Zachary.

They were locked in one of the cells where condemned criminals were imprisoned before a hanging, and sitting together on a stone bench the Abbe listened attentively to Zachary's carefully told story.

"If I killed Mike," Zachary said, "I'll be tried for manslaughter; if I did not kill him only for assault. But I'll have to wait months for my trial. You do, here."

"I can see to it that you are committed for trial quickly. But first I must find out what happened to Mike."

"I should like to know that I did not kill Mike," said Zachary. He spoke quietly, but the Abbe was aware of his misery.

"Alive or dead he has not the right of murder on his soul," said the Abbe.

"No," Zachary said softly.

Please turn to page 33

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THAT fact was the only comfort that Zachary had; that and the fact of the Abbe here beside him. "The doctor—my father—" he went on, and then stopped.

"I will write to him to-night. He will be proud of you."

"Will it be a matter for pride to have his son hanged for manslaughter?" asked Zachary with bitterness.

"In the circumstances, yes," said the Abbe tersely.

"And Stella," said Zachary, and then stopped again. He could not go on with the subject of Stella.

"There are few things that are not understood by that small girl," said the Abbe. "She is a child only in years."

And then he told Zachary the story of Stella's dream; not forgetting Granny Bogan, the ruc and the pixies' well. To him these three were mere incidental additions, but he liked to speak of them in this terrible cell. The fairy world might have no existence in actual fact, but the thought of it purified the air.

Zachary suddenly laughed delightedly and tenderly, and the laugh startled the Abbe nearly out of his wits, for this was surely the first time that any man had ever laughed in this cell.

The Abbe now passed his days tramping the streets of London toiling for Zachary.

After anxious search and inquiry he found the officers of the watch who had arrested Zachary. The men vaguely remembered that a dark young fellow had killed another young fellow with red hair, and they had taken one to prison and the other to the mortuary.

The Abbe's stern eyes upon them, his questions rapping at their muddled wits, they became uncertain about the mortuary. They owned, when pressed, that they had not been too sober at the time. After deep cogitation they suddenly remembered that the corpse had shown signs of life before it reached its destination and that they had switched it over to the hospital. What hospital? the Abbe demanded. It might, they thought, have been Guy's.

Then one of them, visited by a

sudden brilliant flash of memory, felt in his pocket and produced two curiously shaped bits of wood, with a length of cord wrapped round them.

"Found it on the cobbles where the lads had been fighting," he said. "Picked it up and kept it out of curiosity like."

"What is it?" asked the Abbe.

"Couldn't tell you, sir. Never seen such a thing. Looks like it might be a sort of top."

The Abbe in his turn pocketed the toy. It might come in useful . . . Then, slipping a gold piece into each grimy palm, he reminded them that they would be called upon to give evidence and hoped their report of the prisoner would be favorable. He left them assured that it would.

He left immediately for Guy's Hospital and found the wards there only slightly less terrible than those of Newgate.

For an hour he tramped through the wards, stopping at every bed that had a red-headed boy in it and asking if his name were Michael Burke. Some of the red-heads were unable to answer him, and among those was a lanky boy with bewildered, unfocused green eyes, an arrogant child's mouth, and a bandage round his head.

When he had looked at every man and boy in the hospital the Abbe returned to the green-eyed boy. He liked his ugly face. There was breeding about it.

He sat down on the bed and asked him again if he were Michael Burke. There was no answer, but the green eyes turned in his direction and suddenly focused upon his face with a distinct expression of pleasure, as though a man narrowed for weeks with wild beasts on a desert island should suddenly meet one of his own kind.

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 32

The Abbe took the bull-roarer from his pocket and held it out on the palm of his hand. The boy smiled, his green eyes lighting up with the delight of a child who after a long and painful parting is reunited with his favorite toy. The Abbe put the thing in the huge red hand lying on the dirty blanket, the boy's fingers closed upon it and he fell asleep.

The Abbe was satisfied that this was Mike, and with Zachary cleared of the charge of manslaughter he proceeded at once to pay a few visits upon persons of importance in the legal world.

His letters of introduction, his own distinction and air of frigid authority, won him instant admittance and attention, and two evenings later, after an excellent dinner, he found himself sitting with a learned judge in his library, after receiving a promise that Mr. Midshipman Anthony Louis Mary O'Connell should be sent up for trial and subsequently liberated with all speed.

During the next few days of waiting he visited Zachary at Newgate and Mike at Guy's Hospital.

Conversation with Zachary was impossible, but he had been able to obtain the information that Mike was alive and recovering, and that freedom was only a matter of time and patience, and he put little packets of food into the wooden spoon that Zachary thrust through the bars.

He looked more like a scarecrow every day, and his body was covered with bruises and sores from the perpetual scrimmaging that went on, but now that he knew about Mike his eyes were peaceful.

Mike recovered rapidly. The dirt, noise, and stench of the hospital did not worry him at all, but his own inaction drove him wild, and he was so profane and furious a patient that the Abbe was given permission to remove him at the first possible moment.

The evening before he fetched Mike from the hospital he went to the inn where Zachary and Mike had stayed when they first reached London, to pay their bill and see if their belongings were still in existence. The landlady, an honest woman, guessing at the kind of disaster that had overtaken the two boys, had packed up their things and kept them carefully.

In his little attic room the Abbe laid out Mike's things ready for him, but Zachary's he put away in the press with his own. He smiled at the contrast between Mike's rags and Zachary's neatly mended shirts and socks, and at the means of recreation with which each boy had provided himself.

Mike's rags were folded round various instruments for making a noise. Zachary's shirts were wrapped round his few precious books. With the reverence of a passionate book-lover, the Abbe laid them gently with his own.

AFTER a moment, the Abbe took Zachary's little Shakespeare up again to look at the type and paper. The summer breeze, blowing through the open window, took a slip of paper that was between the pages and carried it to the floor.

He picked it up, glanced at it, and instantly the room spun round him.

"Love is the divinity who creates peace among men and calm upon the sea, the windless silence of storms, repose and sleep in sadness. Love sings to all things which live and are, soothing the troubled minds of gods and men."

First Stella's locket and now this. He pulled himself sharply together. There was nothing at all in the juxtaposition of the two. The locket that he had bought for Theresse had been of the same pattern as many others. There were a thousand men who loved these words from the Banquet. He recognised Dr. Crane's vigorous handwriting.

The doctor had written out these words for the son he loved even as he himself wrote them for the wife he loved. He put the scrap of paper back between the pages from which it had fluttered, and his eyes caught some words that Zachary had faintly underlined. "Fear and be slain."

He put the book back and looked about him. He had become attached to this. He wondered if he would be able to rent it permanently when he had said good-bye to Devonshire, and come back to London again to work until he died for those whom the doctor had described to him as "the dirty, the ignorant, and the wicked, who so often turn out upon intimate acquaintance to be the best of us all."

It was ironic that, having at last found, in Devonshire, love, friendship, and delight, he should immediately plan to leave it. But there was nothing else he could do.

The next day he fetched Mike in a hackney coach and put him to bed in his own bed. He himself slept on a pallet on the floor. Mike protested furiously but found his fury no match for the iron determination of his host.

Please turn to page 34



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R. U. R.

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 33

FIVE days after Mike had left, to visit his guardian in Weymouth, the Abbe's bed once more had a boy in it, and this time the boy was Zachary. The judge had been as good as his word. After a mere formality of a trial, at which the officers of the watch had given most favorable evidence, Zachary was set free.

For three days and nights he slept constantly, rousing only when the Abbe shook him awake to feed him. He was happy, though slightly startled, when he came to himself, and found where he was and who was looking after him.

"I can't sleep in your bed, sir," was his instant reaction.

"You will sleep where I tell you," said the Abbe shortly. "Mike did what he was told and so will you."

Zachary smiled and went to sleep again and the Abbe went out to buy mutton and vegetables for the landlady to make nourishing broth. He smiled to himself as he went along the sunny street with a marketing basket on his arm, and for a brief moment imagined the roar of laughter with which the doctor, could he see him now, would greet him.

Yet though he smiled he was slightly annoyed with the doctor, whom he thought should have appeared upon the scene to relieve him of his duties before this.

The doctor had expressed himself charmingly and gratefully in a letter, and with obvious impatience to be done with his patients and on his way to London, and yet there was an undercurrent of amusement in his letter that suggested that the thought of the Abbe acting as sick nurse to two boys was giving him keen and slightly malicious pleasure.

The Abbe's grim smile developed into a chuckle, the first for a very great number of years. Well, it was giving him pleasure too. He had not known he had it in him to be so expert at washing and feeding the young, sweeping, dusting, and shopping, and his own efficiency had warmed the cockles of his heart. And so had the boys' trust in him and reliance upon him.

He and Zachary were amazingly happy together. As time went on, they began to talk deeply, and one evening, at the Abbe's request, Zachary told him of his first meeting with Stella, and something of what she meant to him.

After that the talk drifted to love and its mystery. "Love gifts to all things which live and are, soothing the troubled minds of gods and man," murmured Zachary, stifling a yawn.

"Contained in a passage written on a scrap of paper in your Shakespeare," said the Abbe. "It fell out when I was putting the book away."

"The doctor wrote it out for me when I went to sea," said Zachary. "He thought I'd like to have it because it was written on a scrap of paper in Stella's pocket."

Suddenly he tensed. What had happened? There had been no movement in the room, no sound, yet it was vibrant with feeling so intense that Zachary felt it pressing upon him, almost unbearably, like that fear that had half stifled him before Tristram.

The Abbe moved at last and leaned forward with his clasped hands between his knees.

"Did the doctor tell you anything about Stella when he gave you that scrap of paper?" he asked. His voice was light, dry, and precise, and Zachary's was equally light as he answered across the width of the room. "He told me how she came to be adopted by Father and Mother Sprigg."

"Tell me all you know about that adoption," said the Abbe.

Zachary told him. He was still completely in the dark, yet aware that his gently spoken words were aging the Abbe like so many years. For the impact of great joy can in the first moments be as astonishing as the impact of grief; perhaps more

so, for it has not the benumbing quality of grief.

The Abbe moved, unclasped his hands, stretched out his arms and let them fall with a gesture of release over the arms of his chair.

"Years ago I had a wife and child," he said to Zachary. "I thought that I had lost them both in the wreck of the Amphion. Now—I think—that I still have a child."

The light of moon and candle together seemed to Zachary most extraordinarily bright. It half blinded him. He shut his eyes and then opened them again. The Abbe had moved in his chair so that the moonlight fell full upon his face. But Zachary did not see it. Instead he saw Stella's face in the moonlight, her chin propped upon the top of the gate.

"What a fool I've been," he said softly. "Only you and Stella have such dark grey eyes, set like that, bright, hard to look into steadily. And the shape of your hands, and—so many things." He paused, aware of what he had to do next. "The night is nearly over, I think. You told me once that you liked being out of doors when the dawn came."

The Abbe got up abruptly. That was what he wanted. To be out, striding through the streets alone. But first he crossed to the bed and stood looking down at Zachary. "There is no one," he said, "not even your father the doctor, whom I would rather have had tell me this piece of news than you."

He was gone in a flash, closing the door soundlessly behind him, but Zachary just heard what he was saying to himself as he went out. "... she lives ... It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows that ever I have felt."

Alone now to think about everything, Zachary found himself too extraordinarily tired to think about anything. He turned over on his other side, cradled his cheek in the crook of his arm again, and was instantly asleep.

ZACHARY awoke hours later to the smell of coffee and the clink of china, but when he turned round expecting to see the Abbe's tall figure outlined against the window he saw instead the rugged head and bowed shoulders of the doctor.

"Father!" he almost shouted. The doctor grinned an acknowledgment of the greeting but did not turn his head. "One thing at a time, now," he said. "I'm busy with this coffee. I've taken a look at you while you were asleep. You'll do."

Zachary smiled. The richness and warmth of the doctor's deep voice seemed to bring all the splendor of the English countryside tumbling about him.

The doctor finished preparing breakfast, crossed to the bed and stood looking down again at Zachary.

"Awake, you'll still do, my son," he said, and the warmth of his voice deepened to a husky tenderness.

Abruptly his tone changed. "Get up, you lazy hound! Breakfasting in bed like a lady of fashion! If you call this breakfast. Coffee and rolls. Damn, I could do with a couple of fried eggs and a slice of ham."

Grimacing, Zachary got out of bed. His legs buckled under him as he crossed to the press where the Abbe had put his clothes, and the doctor steadied him with a grip of iron above the elbow.

With one arm round his son the doctor opened the door of the press and pulled out Zachary's clothes. Then he helped him to dress, pushed him into the chair, and perching on the window-sill poured the coffee.

"I came as soon as I could," he said. "You know that."

"Of course," Zachary nodded.

Please turn to page 35

HERCO
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for the husband

Yes, Herco lotion is fast becoming a favorite with the male. The Herco is rich in lanolin and olive oil, which soften the toughest beard and give the smoothest shave.

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Gentian Hill

Continued from page 34

DR. CRANE went on, "I got in too late last night to do anything but tumble into bed at the inn. Coming along this morning I met Monsieur de Colbert outside the baker's. After a few moments' conversation we turned about and made for the inn again. A west country coach leaves this morning. He just caught it."

"He told you about Stella?" Zachary asked softly.

"Yes. Between the baker's shop and the coach he told me a good deal."

"You were surprised about Stella?"

"Immensely surprised, naturally. But not surprised to find my Stella a princess. Well, not quite that, perhaps, but I understand that the little thing could have called many a dead prince cousin."

Zachary's face blanched.

"Tired?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir."

The doctor regarded him steadily. "Got those dead princes on your mind? You've the blood of kings in your veins, my son. You're alive, too. That's an advantage in a husband."

Zachary laughed. "You're making great haste," he said.

"She's making great haste to grow up," said the doctor. Then he grew suddenly somber. "Poor Mother Sprigg," he muttered. "I wish I could be there to soften the blow when the Abbe tells her."

But the finding of her real father increased, not lessened, Stella's love for her foster parents. After the first few bewildering days she seemed to become more their child than ever, and she managed to make it clear that she always would be.

And the Abbe managed to make it clear that he was not going to take her away from them. He was a priest now and had no right to home or family. And as soon as possible he was leaving Torre and going to fresh work in London. He would come to see Stella as often as he could, but until she married her home would be with them and Mrs. Lorraine as before.

"And if she marries Zachary," Father Sprigg said one day to the Abbe, "her home will always be here. I've no near kin of my own and I'll

make them my heirs. I like the lad. Weekborough means more to him than it does to any of my own distant kin. It's odd, sir, how he cares for the place. Might have been born here. Will she marry the lad, do you think, sir?"

"I think that she will," said the Abbe.

"In another two years maybe," mused Father Sprigg. "Fifteen is a good marriageable age. My own wife, she was seventeen when I married her, but I was sorry I'd not had her earlier. She was a bit set upon her own way by that time. The younger they are, sir, the easier brought to heel. It's the same with a colt or a pup."

The Abbe smiled again. He could not visualise Zachary bringing Stella to heel. It was more likely to be the other way round.

Puffing at his pipe, Father Sprigg looked out of the window and the Abbe followed the direction of his eyes. The reapers were busy in the wheat field to the right of Bowerly Hill. The Abbe watched them with delight.

"Well, I must be getting back to work in the field," said Father Sprigg, knocking his pipe out of the window. "You'll find Stella in the walled garden, sir. She always hides there while the reaping is on. Can't abide to see the rabbits knocked on the head."

By five o'clock the cutting of the wheat was over and they all sat in the shade of the trees and ate the special harvest cakes that Mother Sprigg had baked for them, washed down with liquid refreshment, and then the binding of the sheaves went on until evening, followed by more refreshment, in the kitchen this time.

Presently the owls began to call and a square of moonlight lay upon the floor. Mother Sprigg kissed Stella and told her to go to bed.

But she did not go to bed; she ran out into the garden and across the lane to the fields. It was a still and lovely night.

There was no sound but the distant singing in the Weekborough kitchen and the soft crackle of the

DR. C. W. EMMENS

... veterinary physiology

APPOINTED to the newly created Chair of Veterinary Physiology at Sydney University is 36-year-old Dr. C. W. Emmens.

He holds London University's degrees of Doctor of Science and Doctor of Philosophy, and until the war was on the research staff of the National Institute for Medical Research, London. Veterinary physiology is concerned with the function of organs and systems of the animal body, and in his field Dr. Emmens has an international reputation.

The University Senate has accepted a grant for the creation of the Chair from the Australian Wool Industry Fund.

stubble beneath her feet as she ran in and out, then on through the gate that led to Bowerly Hill.

Here on the green grass among the sheep, with above her on the hilltop the old yew tree stretching its arms up to the stars, her mood changed and a deep awe was added to her dancing joy. She did not run now, she walked slowly up the hill, lifting her flowered linen skirts in both hands above the dew.

The moon was bright in the sky, just to one side of the yew tree, and she could see the man in the moon with his bundle on his back. At sight of him she stopped and an

Interesting People



MRS. HELEN WESSELLS

... information libraries

A CE American Library personality Mrs. Helen Wessells, widely known in Australia for her work with U.S. Information Libraries during war, has been making whirlwind trip to Australia on world tour inspecting American Library "outposts."

After 11 days in Australia she continued journey via Indonesia and Hongkong to visit 26 U.S. Information Libraries in those areas.

Now holder of impressive title, "Chief of the Libraries Branch of the Division of Libraries and Institutes of the Department of State," Mrs. Wessells is stationed at Washington. She is also acting head of International Relations Office of the American Library Association.



MR. BEVAN RUTT

... world conference

MR. RUTT, who flew to Vancouver, Canada, as Australian representative to conference of the World Council of Young Men's Service Clubs, is a young Adelaide architect and ex-president of men's philanthropic organisation, the Apex Club, members of which must be under 40. Aim of world council is to establish international understanding among young men's clubs. Another subject on agenda is establishment of an iron lung bank to be used similarly to the international Red Cross blood bank.

Other countries at conference are Ireland, Mexico, America, and Great Britain, and more are expected to send representatives to next meeting.

almost unbearable longing swept over her.

"Zachary!" she cried. "Zachary!" and did not know that she had cried aloud. A tall figure moved out from beneath the yew tree, across the face of the moon. He stood there as though he had come from the moon, and called to her.

"Stella! Stella!"

It was a summer evening in Torbay and the sunset light streamed over the hills, filling the leafy valleys with light, edging the ripples of the calm sea with gold, and the wings of the gulls as they flew back

from their inland feeding grounds to the rocky islands off the coast where they slept at night.

There had been much coming and going that day along the coast, at Torquay and Torre, Livermead and Paignton, and quite a traffic in the deep lanes with men and women and children coming down from the villages in the hills to see the ships in the bay. Seldom had there been so many of them, sloops and frigates and ships of the line, with all their colors flying and their paintwork and gilding brilliant in the sun.

Please turn to page 36

Hey, Mummy!

WHERE'S THAT COLD I HAD LAST NIGHT?



LAST NIGHT, Mother rubbed my chest, throat and back with Vicks VapoRub. I began to feel better right then and there!



WHILE I SLEPT, I kept breathing in VapoRub's soothing, medicinal vapours. They cleared my nose, and calmed my cough.



AND VapoRub worked direct on my chest, too—drawing out tightness and congestion like a nice, warming poultice.



TODAY, the worst of my cold is over, thanks to VapoRub's direct double-action!

PROVED for you by millions of mothers!

IN 71 COUNTRIES more than 40 million jars of Vicks VapoRub are used yearly! Mothers everywhere like and trust Vicks VapoRub because:

IT'S SAFE! Nothing to swallow—just rub it on!

PLEASANT! Children love it, grown-ups too!

QUICK! Relieves nose, throat, chest and cough almost instantly. Works direct and keeps on working for hours.

Why take chances on untried remedies when Vicks VapoRub has proved its worth in so many millions of homes?



MARJORY CARTER BRINGS YOU ANOTHER
"AEROPHOS" SPECIAL
 APPLE NOUGAT
 a perfect
 DINNER DESSERT

DELICIOUSLY CRISP
 WHEN BAKED WITH—
 SELF RAISING FLOUR
 containing "AEROPHOS"

6 oz. shortcrust pastry;
 1 cup cooked apple pulp (drained free from syrup);
 1 cup desiccated coconut;
 1 egg;
 1 tablespoon apricot jam;
 1/2 cup sugar;
 2 tablespoons milk;
 Vanilla essence.

Line plate with shortcrust, decorate edge and spread
 base of tart with jam. Mix coconut pulp, mix coconut
 and sugar, add egg yolk and milk and essence. Fold in
 stiffly beaten egg white. Fill into tart. Bake in hot
 oven for 10 minutes, reduce heat and bake a further
 25-30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

The crisp tenderness of pastry made with "Aerophos"
 combines deliciously with the filling. Good enough
 for formal dinners.

USE ONLY SELF RAISING FLOUR
 that contains
"AEROPHOS"
 the "Double Acting" RAISING
 INGREDIENT

**"Soaping" dulls hair—
 Halo glorifies it!**



Not a soap,
 not a cream...
 Halo cannot leave
 dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant
 "soft-water" lather
 ... needs no
 special rinse!

Removes
 embarrassing
 dandruff from both
 hair and scalp!

Halo leaves hair
 soft, manageable
 shining with
 colorful natural
 highlights!

YES, "soaping" your hair with
 even finest liquid or oily cream
 shampoos leaves dulling film.
 Halo, made with a new patented
 ingredient, contains no soap, no
 sticky oils. Halo glorifies your
 hair the very first time you use
 it. Ask for Halo—America's
 favorite shampoo to-day.

THE
 LARGEST
 SELLING
 SHAMPOO
 IN
 America

A COLGATE QUALITY PRODUCT

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair! 3/-

BRAVE FIREMEN



fought the flame and heat,
 They rescued man and child;
 Undaunted in that dreadful street
 Where reared the fire-god wild.
 Soaked, spent with toil, but staunch and
 bold,
 They left the street secure,
 And saved themselves from cough and cold
 With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 35

THIS had been a day of excitement and rejoicing, for Waterloo had been fought and won, the war was over, and out there in the bay, on board the Bellerophon, was Napoleon, a captive.

All day the fishermen had been doing a brisk trade taking sightseers out in their boats to cruise around the Bellerophon, in the hope of seeing "the Monster" in his green coat with the scarlet epaulettes and his chapeau-bras with the tricolored cockade.

All day, both on board the ships in the bay and in the villages along the coast, the joy for the coming of peace had been extremely vocal, but now at sunset there had come a hushed silence.

Into this moment of peace came sailing three frigates. They glided slowly into the bay, and it was evident from their dim paintwork and generally battered appearance that they had come from far. Yet they had great beauty. The slight breeze filled their sails and they dipped proudly through the gold-flecked blue water, as though conscious of duty well done.

The young captain of the first frigate stood as still as a statue on his poop. Nothing moved in his face, yet something passed over it like a flash of light on water as the village of Torquay came into sight, with behind it the sweep of the hills that he knew so well and the valleys brimming with light.

It had not changed much in eleven years; there were a few more white houses scattered over the seven hills and more shipping in the harbor than there used to be, but that was all; the beauty of the place was still untarnished.

It had seemed like the vision of another world to Mr. Midshipman O'Connell, spread-eagled in the rigging, and it seemed the same to Captain O'Connell, motionless upon his poop. Then, he had been enduring a sailor's life with detestation, and now he was leaving it with sadness in his heart.

The war was over, he was returning from his last voyage, and he was sorry. For so many years he had longed for the last moment of his last voyage, and yet, now, he was sorry. He supposed it was always that way. A man looked forward to the ending of a way of life that had been hard and difficult, and then when the end came he felt regret. That particular way had moulded and enriched him and so was a friend, and good-byes to friends are not easy.

Yet the new way opening before him was a good way and far more congenial to him. It would have its difficulties, too, as well as its deep and satisfying joys. It would not be a soft life, and its hardness would befriended him. Resolutely he turned from regret and opened his mind and heart in welcome to all that was to come, from this golden moment right on until the end.

How lovely was this land towards which he sailed, how inexpressibly dear. Through the years of danger he had known her a land to die for with peace and content; now he knew her a land to live for with a gladness rising afresh with the sun of each morning and the moon and the stars of each night. Gliding steadily nearer to her he felt with an intensity that shook him, made his body tremble as it had trembled when he had been spread-eagled in the rigging.

Then he suddenly relaxed and smiled, as though a hand had

touched him. Stella down in the cabin had known how he was feeling and had put him to rights. He did not allow her to be with him on the poop, it was bad for discipline, and on board his ship, though nowhere else, she always obeyed him. But it never seemed to make much difference if they were apart, for she knew what he was thinking just the same.

Ever since her twentieth birthday she had been going to sea with him whenever she could, and he had been much censured for allowing a lovely young wife to undergo such hardship and danger. But it was not a question of allowing, for if it were possible for her to go she would not stay behind.

Although he had married her when she was fifteen, the age at which Father Sprigg considered a man can be certain of capturing a wife's obedience, Stella retained her smooth shining determination to go her own way, from which scoldings slithered to oblivion like water off a duck's back. And her adventurous spirit had welcomed life at sea with a joy that had communicated itself to Zachary.

Because Stella liked being a sailor he began to like being one too. Her passionate delight in the old and lovely cities and harbors had enriched them with new beauty for him. Now, in sight of home, their four years of journeying done, he knew they would never forget those journeys.

Their love for their own country would be deepened because they had learned to love the whole world too.

They were drawing near to the harbor now and his thoughts went to those who loved them and waited for them at home.

There would be the doctor who seemed to become more truly his father with every year that passed. Father Sprigg, grown old now and glad to have Zachary come home to take the burden of the farm off his shoulders. Mother Sprigg, grown older, too, but not changed very much. Stella's father, still toiling in London for his suffering poor but never forgetting them, seeing them whenever he could, loving them deeply and praying for them at night in that small attic room.

And for these four they would have great news when they got home, for Stella's first child would be born in the spring.

He heard a light step behind him and the rustle of a woman's skirt. Stella, just this once, had disobeyed him and come to him upon the poop. He did not move, and when she reached him she did not speak, for the crew could see them. They stood in silence together, gazing at the shore as their ship moved slowly on.

She was happy now, he knew, with a flush on her sunburnt cheeks and her grey eyes full of light, and she was holding her head high so that the hood of her cloak had fallen back and her short, dark curls were blowing about her face. The hills and the sunlit valleys drew a little nearer and the first breath of the land came to them, fresh and flower-scented. High over their heads the gulls passed, their white wings lit with gold.

Stella fitted her shoulder more comfortably against her husband's and their warm hands touched as they swung together to the rise and fall of the ship. Somewhere on land a bell tolled the hour. It was eight o'clock and in a world at peace they had come home.

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You will be amazed how quickly Silvo Liquid Polish brings a glorious gleam to Silverware.

Liquid Silvo Polish saves time and rubbing and it's safe for silver, too.

For generations Silvo has polished the Gold and silver plate in homes throughout the world.

Always use Silvo Liquid Silver Polish for a lovelier lustre on your silverware.



**Hairdresser Gives
 Advice On
 Grey Hair**

Tells About Grey Hair Remedy to Use at Home.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, which can be made up for you by any chemist at small cost. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum, and does not rub off. It should make any grey-haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

**Now You Can Wear
 FALSE TEETH
 With Real Comfort**

FASTEETH, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, sooty, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. Get it to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

**Wean Baby easily
 with "NEVER SUCK"**



A drop of "Never Suck" on the bottle teat will shock the desire to suck. "Never Suck" is safe and hygienic.
 2/6 at all chemists

TEENA *by Linda Terry*



ARIES (March 21 to April 20): A good week to plan improvements in the home, redecorate, or try your luck with domestics, for after the weekend you start a new cycle, with more social activity, leaving less time for your domestic routine.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): An unanticipated change could occur during the next few days, and you will in all probability enthuse over new ideas. July 20 to 22 and July 24 are your brightest days.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): A slight boost in your monetary affairs is possible if you get busy from July 20 to 24. Business could improve, investments or some unexpected good luck should make the week a happy one. Use this period for buying.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A splendid week for personal effort and initiative. The stars help you put into practice many of your ideals with less interference than usual. Don't choose July 19 and 25 for anything that calls for quick returns.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Finalise your work in hand, tie up loose ends, but don't change any

By WYNNE TURNER

plans before July 24. From this date you move into wider fields, with brighter prospects both in business and health.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Expect bright and happy days this week, with the attainment of many of your wishes. Most days are favorable, although you will probably find July 20 to 24 the most important.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Your plans and ambitions with regard to occupational and business activities should step ahead this week. Marriage and career are equally important. July 20 should start things moving, and July 24 is a lucky day.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Important progress is indicated this week, when your quest for knowledge could lead you toward new mental horizons, where you will find great satisfaction. Journeys are also indicated, but avoid action if possible on July 19 and 25.

will prove satisfactory. You are due for a lucky break, especially from July 20 to 22. Next Monday starts a new cycle, dealing with future plans, so get things ready for a good start.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Marriage, partnerships, or the plans of your life-mate should work out most harmoniously this week, if you act carefully on July 19 and 25. Some unexpected surprise could indirectly benefit you.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): A week for splendid progress in your vocational field. Accept any new assignments, contracts, or opportunities for improvement from July 20.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Make the most of the next few days, especially in matters close to your heart. Unexpected invitations, outings, and social pleasures could give happiness. Nearing July 25 things could start to slow down.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

As I Read the STARS

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Almost any decisions you make over the next few days

Look for the fine Continuous Line before you Buy

... the fine, continuous line inscribed by a Stenmark Ball Point Pen. Once "run-in," your Stenmark will always write freely, boldly and consistently, with an economy of ink. There'll be no flooding, no sweating when your Stenmark is not in use. You won't need blotter or a pen wiper throughout its long life. Stenmark pens are unconditionally guaranteed.



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* The new Visible Universal Refill fits all Stenmark pens except the small "Penette."
Price 2/3 each

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PRECISION WRITING INSTRUMENTS

From all leading Gift Shops, Jewellers and Stationers

Here's ONE sandwich spread children simply can't resist!

Sanitarium
PEANUT BUTTER

—milled FRESH, while the peanuts are still hot from the ovens!

There are never any left-overs when you make cut-lunches with tasty, appetising SANITARIUM Peanut Butter*. Milled FRESH while the peanuts are hot from the ovens—before any of their delicious goodness can be lost—it has the kind of flavour that 'young' appetites can't resist... that grown-ups enjoy, too! Include Sanitarium Peanut Butter* in your next grocery order!

*Known as Peanut Paste in some States.

One of the Natural Foods!

Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust

Parties That Go With a Swing
Your reputation as a hostess will be greatly enhanced when you follow the detailed plans in
"Cookery for Parties"
—plans and ideas that are practical and easy to follow.
An Australian Women's Weekly publication—and it costs only
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At all newsagents and bookstalls.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 22, 1950

At last I'm free to look after my little family— thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids



Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.



A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.



Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.



Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.



This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health.

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment. Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on. . . . For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, if you suffer backache, rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or headaches

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this young Australian mother and her family. For theirs is the story of thousands of other people in the Commonwealth to-day. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that it has been estimated that these, and kindred ailments, cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year. Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no harmful drugs.

They are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thiamine. They are a tried and proven family treatment that has brought relief from the painful,

crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid to generations of Australians. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment cleanses your body of the germs and poisons that rob you of your natural health and energy and which so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder trouble, Backache, and similar aches and pains. In these times of stress,

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment will restore you to normal good health and keep you fit and well to enjoy your life as you should. Start Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment to-day and see how your aches and pains and tiredness vanish, leaving you filled with new energy and cheerfulness.



Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.



Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.



Start a course to-day

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS 6/6 AND 3/6 EVERYWHERE

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, BOX 4155, G.P.O., SYDNEY

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

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**KEEN'S
Prepared
MUSTARD**

Ready mixed for your convenience

At all grocers and delicatessens.



STOP!
THAT SCRATCH
NEEDS RAPID HEALING
REXONA
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**COVERING THE WOUND
ISN'T ENOUGH!** Infection starts right under that skin break. Why give it a chance? Apply Rexona Ointment generously to your usual dry dressing. Rexona goes deep and heals quickly at the point where infection starts.

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Vapo-Cresolene is a penetrating and continuous inhalant as vaporized at night. Its vapours soothe the irritated passages, relieve inflammation, help to check coughing paroxysms and procure restful comfort.

For 70 years Vapo-Cresolene has demonstrated its usefulness for the relief of paroxysms of Whooping Cough, Bronchial Asthma, Spasmodic Croup, Cough in Bronchitis, and children's stuffy nasal colds. They sleep better.

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Melbourne, Aust., Agents.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 22, 1950

Swing High

Continued from page 9

KRAKAUER bent his head back. "Well, the great Mike Johnson. What are you doing in the catch trap?"

Krakauer had always been able to find any weak spot in Mike and then pick at it. "Snapping intrepid aerialists," Mike said.

"Don't let it go to your head," Krakauer laughed.

Mike let Krakauer go back to the fly bar without answering. After all, as soon as he could talk to Leandro, Krakauer was going back to the small time.

Leandro called a pirouette for the girl, and she snatched the resin bag against her palms. Mike watched her closely as she stepped off exactly on the "Go!" She had a smooth, effortless swing, and it was easy for him to keep up with her distinct beat spot.

At the second "Go!" she turned loose and began to whirl, high up under the top. Something happened then. The lights went down; there were only the spots on the girl. Everything else in the show stopped, and there was that sudden electric silence which only rare performers can achieve as an entire audience holds its breath.

She was magic, whirling in the air, apparently floating, all falling suspended, all weight and drag gone.

Then the whirling stopped instantly, and she was there, her wrists smacking into Mike's palms, her fingers whipping around his wrists, welding them together. He hardly felt her weight.

"Hello, Mike," she held her head far back and smiled up at him. "You've forgotten me," she said.

Mike could feel something coming up out of his memory. "Kitty Carson," he said. "The little girl who hated to chase cows on a horse."

She smiled up at him again. "The little girl who wanted to fly, Mike."

She had been an intense, snub-nosed kid who kept showing up at a carnival he had been with before the war. A nuisance at first. Somehow, she got to every town he played within fifty miles of where she lived. Mike even remembered the brother who always came with her and stood around looking sulky. Kitty Carson was her real name, too.

Mike let her go back to the fly bar, then watched her all the way through her next trick. He hadn't suspected, back in Utah, that she was going to grow up to be so good-looking.

"Why'd you stop flying, Mike?" she asked, after he caught her.

"I got out of the Navy weighing a hundred and forty. Nobody will catch that much beef."

She looked up at him. "You were the best I ever saw. You were wonderful!" It made Mike feel warm.

Later over coffee Leandro said: "I have made a most grave mistake, Mike."

"How's that, boss?" Mike asked, nodding to some midgets coming into the restaurant.

"There is a friction between you and Krakauer. No?"

Mike pulled the collar of his sports shirt down from his shoulder so that the six-inch-long scar showed pale against the suntan. "I picked that up in an act with him."

"Ah, so? What happened?"

Mike shrugged. "What difference does it make? We aren't going to hire him. He's too heavy to leap, and we don't need any more men in the act."

"Ah, Mike," Leandro said sadly. "I have indeed made a terrible mistake. You see, I have already hired them both, for I did not know that this thing existed between you and him. I thought only of that exquisite girl."

Mike was startled. "Both of 'em? Why?"

Leandro shook his head, his white hair floating. "She will not go without him. She tells me that

she owes him much, that he is the one who taught her to fly and obtained for her many jobs."

Mike snorted. "He's making her drag him with her, that's all." He leaned across the table. "Leandro, this is her chance to be really great. Tell her that if she comes with us by herself she'll be the biggest thing in the show. If she won't, she'll stay in the small time."

"There is, I suspect, something else," Leandro said. "I think that they love one the other. But do not worry yourself, Mike. I saw another girl who will do well enough. We will break the contract with Krakauer and Kitty and hire this other girl!"

Mike kept on seeing Kitty smiling up at him; kept on hearing her voice and feeling the way it seemed to draw him to her. "No, Leandro," he said. "Let's keep 'em... both."

Leandro's eyes were worried. "Mike, when there is a friction between a leaper and a catcher, someone always gets ruined."

"Not this time. Nobody gets hurt, boss."

"It would be safer to hire the other girl, Mike."

Mike exploded. "That's fine for Kitty, isn't it? Because I don't like her boy friend, she loses her chance in the big time!"

Leandro suddenly stood up. Kitty had come into the restaurant and was apparently looking for someone. Mike went over to her and learned that Krakauer was to meet her there.

"Come on and sit with us while you wait."

They talked for an hour or so, but Krakauer didn't show up, and Mike offered to drive her home.

Kitty had found a room in a boarding-house near the water. The road beside the ocean was pleasant with moonlight.

AFTER a while she began to laugh. It was a low, nice sound. "You want to know something funny, Mike? You were my first love."

Mike chuckled. "You were just a kid."

"I was fifteen. You weren't more than nineteen." She sounded indignant. Then she laughed again. "I kept clippings about you and even tried to hang a whole billboard poster in my room, but mother said no. I kept on trying to fly, too, after those lessons you gave me."

"Where'd you run into Karl?"

"Bloomington. I got into a flying school there and slung hash for a living. Karl helped me and got me into a carnival with him. We've been together ever since... And now I'm flying with you," she said quietly. "That was my only ambition, Mike, when I loved you."

The "when" hurt him; he didn't know just why. He laughed. "You didn't love me. You loved a trapeze."

She only said, "Maybe so, Mike."

Within a week, Mike and Leandro knew that they had real trouble on their hands. According to Leandro, Krakauer had the face of a football and the mind of a barracuda.

Krakauer knew that Kitty was going to be the star of the circus. And he was determined to share the spotlight with her. He was going to make her drag him up with her or she wasn't going anywhere.

The way he went about it was infuriating. As Leandro called more and more difficult leaps for her, Krakauer insisted on doing exactly the same ones.

It wasn't bravery; there was too much desperation in the way he jumped into them. But he jumped, and if they tried to stop him or to make him practise first in the safety belt he would threaten to pull out of the act and take her with him.

Please turn to page 40

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Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with**

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST



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2 YEARS' RESEARCH AT 5 AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES—case histories of hundreds of people who used Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—shows the Colgate way stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene known! Yes, both clinical and X-ray examinations showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people—than ever before recorded in all dentifrice history!

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ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH—AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder AMMONIATED OR NOT Offers Proof of Such Results!



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COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS
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Worms quickly, safely, pleasantly
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COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS

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LABORATORY TESTS PROVE MOTHERS RIGHT!



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THE fact that Kitty would go baffled them. She didn't seem to see that his willingness to sacrifice her was an ugly thing. She backed him up in everything he did, and when he threatened them she would always nod, though her eyes might be troubled.

There was nothing they could do about it except try to drill into Krakauer a sense of timing and urge him to get the fat off his body.

As the days went by, Mike took a beating. Catching Krakauer's weight made him ache all over at night, and often he got knocked cockeyed by Krakauer's knees or elbows.

Occasionally, Mike missed him entirely. It was nothing to miss a leaper, especially during practice. And it was nobody's fault; just part of the job. Even Kitty missed once—Mike remembered her long, embarrassed "Oh-h-h-h" as she fell away from him.

But when he missed Krakauer he would review in his mind the whole trick to make sure that it had not been his fault.

One afternoon, near the end of practice, Krakauer came across to him, just a wheel of flailing arms and legs. Mike got a cut lip and a bruised cheek out of it, but caught and held him.

Before he could stop himself, Mike said, "I'm going to start catching you in a basket."

"Listen," Krakauer said, his voice ugly, "if you don't stop trying to foul up my tricks, I'm pulling Kitty out of the show. Get it?"

This new angle of attack worried Mike. As soon as Krakauer got back to the pedestal, Mike dropped down to the net. "Call it off," he told Leandro. "I need a new face."

When he came out of the first aid shack, Kitty was still over by the rig. Everyone else had gone. Mike spat out the taste of medicine and went to her.

"Are you hurt?" she asked. Mike shook his head. "Just trying to work the boss for a day off."

"Mike," she said, "can we talk a little while?"

They sat down on the ring rim. For a while she rubbed a callus in her palm with one finger. Then, with no preliminaries, she asked, "Mike, are you deliberately missing him?"

Anger went off like a firecracker in him, then died. "No. Sometimes his timing's a little off."

"Leandro ought to let him leap when he wants to, Mike. He doesn't like to have his stuff called."

Mike remembered in time that she was in love with Krakauer. He said a little lamely, "Leandro's got a pretty good sense of timing."

"I know. But Karl isn't used to it." Then she turned and looked him full in the face. "Mike, Karl says that you're trying to mess him up. He says you hate him because you think he . . . dropped you once, on purpose." Her eyes were so innocent, so honestly questioning, Mike said earnestly, "Kitty, believe me. I'm doing the best I can."

Her smile came slowly. "Thanks, Mike." Then the smile went away. "Did he, Mike?" she asked, her eyes on his.

"It was a long time ago and I've forgotten about it."

"I'm glad," she said.

Mike suddenly wanted to take her hands. Instead, he sifted some sawdust through his fingers. "Kitty, he ought to stop leaping. For his own good. He's too heavy, for one thing. And he isn't being smart. He jumps into things he can't handle. One day, maybe, he'll jump into something I can't handle either."

"He just isn't used to you and Leandro," she insisted, but there was worry in her eyes. "When he gets his timing back, he'll be good, Mike. Better than I am."

Mike felt as if he'd run face on into a wall. "Maybe," he said. "I hope so."

But something else was happening which made the trouble with Krakauer insignificant to Mike. Leandro was pushing Kitty too far. He seemed to think that Kitty could do

Swing High

Continued from page 39

anything, even tricks the best men leapers wouldn't tackle.

It scared Mike and, at last, he took it up with the old man. "Boss, don't push her any further. You'll scare the poor little thing."

Leandro only smiled at him. "Ah, so now it has come to 'poor little thing,' eh, Mike, my cabbage?" Then his voice changed. "Do not worry yourself, Mike. She has courage like lions. She can do more."

Mike stayed scared. "Look, Kitty," he said to her one Saturday after a two-and-a-half, "you don't have to do these big ones if you don't want to. Leandro will know why."

Below him she laughed. "Mike, I feel exactly like that little girl the tumblers throw around with their feet. You and Leandro do the throwing." Then her voice was suddenly small. "Do you think I can do it, Mike?"

There was something in her tone that scared him so that he had to shut his eyes. "Do what, Kitty?"

"The triple."

Mike felt as though he had been hit by a maul. All he could think was: Not the triple! It was too big. Too dangerous; people got killed trying to do the triple.

"Can I, Mike?" her small voice asked.

Then, at last, he knew that he was no longer a part of it. This



"Now be careful, mind you don't get them mixed up with some other quadruplets!"

was a thing between Kitty and the old man down on the ground. "If Leandro asks you to, you can do it, Kitty," he told her.

"Do you think I can do it, Mike?"

"Yep," he said. Then, urgently, he told her, "Now, listen, Kitty; you're going to get lost in it. Remember that, and don't let it scare you. After a couple of turns, you won't know where you are. So count it all the way. Don't lose count. When you get to 'three' open up. No matter where you think you are, open up! Because that's where I'll be."

Kitty giggled, then stopped. Mike swung her forward and Krakauer dropped the fly bar.

"Try to catch me, Mike," she said in a whisper as he let her go.

"I'll catch you."

Mike swung, his eyes closed. For a long time, he knew, he had kept a door shut. Now it was wide open.

He loved her and had loved her ever since that first "Hello, Mike." Her love for Krakauer no longer made any difference; nor could the knowledge that his own love was hopeless keep the door shut on it any longer. And the only thing in the whole world he wanted now was for her to be down on the solid ground, safe.

Leandro said blandly, "Kitty, the day is becoming late. Fly for us a little triple and we will then all go and drink some wine."

The thought of what she was going to try to do clubbed Mike. First the big swings up against the canvas, then turn loose. Tuck up and turn over three times through the

wide space between them, and straighten out. And at the instant of her straightening, her hands had to be within reach of his or—

"Go!"

Mike opened his eyes, seeing only her. His whole body focused on hers, feeling the pull and flow of her muscles. At her beat spot he was with her, his own body driving, so that they seemed to be swinging, chained together, across the high, empty space.

"Go!"

She was in it, high, her body tucked up, whirling, coming down.

It was so beautiful, so easy, and yet so vivid. Mike felt like crying as she turned over and over. Then she was there, her body straight, graceful, floating. Her face was thoughtful, strained a little, in the instant he saw it. Her wrists smacked into the palms of his hands; she was weightless and it was all over.

After a while, he said, "Nice." "Your timing was perfect, Mike. Did I really do it?"

Slowly, Mike said, "You were beautiful, Kitty."

With the tips of her fingers she patted his wrists. Without planning it, Mike suddenly pulled her straight up until her face was close to his. She was laughing, happiness shining in her eyes.

"I love you," he said.

Her face slowly changed. "Hash, Mike. Please."

Then she turned loose his wrists. Mike let her drop and watched her fall, face up, down to the net, far below. For a little while longer he swung, then unwrapped his legs and went down.

Krakauer came down the web and they gathered at Leandro's car.

The old man bowed low as he opened the door. "The queen," he said.

Kitty didn't get in. Instead she looked at Leandro, and then at Mike. Softly, she said, "You two are wonderful people."

Krakauer took her arm. "Come on, queen. We're late now."

"But we are going to celebrate!" Leandro cried. "The triple must be celebrated!"

"Oh, we can't to-night, Leandro," Kitty said. "We promised to have supper with the Hindi and his wife. To-morrow night?"

"Come on, Kit. It's late," Krakauer said.

"To-morrow, then."

As she went away with him, Leandro looked at Mike. "Ah, my old friend," he said. "I feel such a great sadness for you."

"Yeah," Mike said.

The next afternoon they let the visitors come in for a dress rehearsal. Kitty had on green silk tights, and she was so beautiful it hurt. Mike watched her climb to the pedestal and resign her hands.

When she at last turned to face him, he felt a flash of alarm, and he watched her closely as she left the board and went into her first trick.

She didn't say anything when he caught her. She was almost crying. On the back swing he whirled her to face the fly bar and said, "Kitty, what's the trouble? Is it what I said yesterday?"

She said, "He wants me to marry him. Right away."

Mike turned her and let her go without being able to say a thing, but when she came back he was ready. "What are you going to do, Kitty?"

Her fingers tightened on his wrists. "I don't know! It's all mixed up. Oh, Mike, I'm here because of him, I'm a flier because of him. And he's always loved me."

If the visitors had not been down there he could have held her and had time to think. But they were watching, and he had to let her go. At the last moment, he blurted, "Kitty, I'll be around if you ever get things straight."

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Swing High

Continued from page 40

WHEN she got to the pedestal, Leandro called up, "Kitty, do you want to do a triple to-day?"

She moved to the side and took the hook from Krakauer. "No, Leandro. Please, not to-day."

Leandro nodded.

"I do," Krakauer said. It was an explosion. Leandro jerked his head up, Mike checked his swing. The performers on the ground stared up at Krakauer. The visitors must have felt it, too, for they began to fidget round.

"Please, Karl," Leandro said, his voice quiet, "everything is a little upset to-day. Please wait until to-morrow."

Krakauer ignored him and almost yelled across to Mike, "I'm doing a triple! You get with me!"

Mike swung up to sit on the bar, "I'm not catching you," he said quietly.

Mike could see Kitty arguing and Krakauer gesturing furiously at her. Kitty put her hand on his arm, but he brushed it down.

He turned to Mike. "Come on! Get down there! I'll show both of you how I fly when I set my own time!"

Mike looked down. Leandro turned his back on the ring, and Mike could feel the old man's humiliation all the way up to the catch trap. Krakauer's bawling there in front of the visitors was shameful. And it made Mike cold with anger and dislike.

Slowly, he swung down into position, wrapping his legs carefully around the ropes. With his hand, he motioned for Krakauer to come on. Krakauer stepped off the board and began to swing. The clowns stopped cavorting and stared up, their faces ludicrous, but their bulged eyes full of concern.

Mike saw only Krakauer. As his swings went higher, flapping the canvas, Mike stayed with him, readjusting the rhythm as it was broken.

Krakauer let go up against the top and rolled himself into a ball. The timing was all right. Mike watched the big body begin to spin. . . . Once, twice. . . . It was going to end up all right. . . . Three times, Krakauer was still a compact ball, knees against his chest, arms wrapped around his legs. Sweat glistened on his bare back.

Mike swung up, waiting for him to open and put his hands out. The whole thing had been clumsy and graceless, but he had got over there. Krakauer didn't open. He started on into the fourth turn. He was lost in it.

"Open!" Mike yelled at him. "Open up!"

Mike was then at the top of his swing. He tried to stay there, hanging on it, straining, but gravity was like a hand clawing him down. As he swung away, he yelled again, "Open!"

Below him, Krakauer fell on a long, slanting curve which was going to carry him beyond the net and on down to the ground.

Mike whipped to the top of his back swing and started down, driving down, for he needed all the power he could get. He unwrapped his legs, felt the catch bar tick against his feet. Then he was free of it, diving.

He heard a sharp gasp from many mouths and a wind of screams. Very clearly, he heard Leandro's, "No, Mike! No!"

Mike saw only the body below him. The wild running of the people on the ground was just a blur of color.

Like a paper snake jumping from an innocent box, Krakauer opened an instant before Mike struck him. The ball of his body, slowly whirling, became suddenly a man scrambling in the air, eyes to the sky.

They came together hard, Mike's face smashing against the sweaty flesh. The impact surprised and

hurt him. It stopped Krakauer's long outward flight. Mike put his hands on Krakauer's chest and started to push away. Like a drowning man, Krakauer grabbed him, clawing him back.

Mike got a hand free and slapped him across the face. "You're all right. You're over the net and on your back. You're okay." Then he shoved himself clear.

The ropes were savage against Mike, jamming his chin down against his chest. But a warm darkness rolled over him like a wave rolling on a beach at night.

Something wet dripped on Mike's face and something else—light and feathery—tickled it. He turned his head away and opened his eyes. Kitty's face was very close to his and her hair was brushing against it. He watched a tear come down her cheek and drop off. Mike ducked it and let his head lie against her arm.

"Mike," she whispered.

"Sh-h-h," he said. "I'm still unconscious."

"Oh, Mike, are you all right?"

He had to straighten up then. Carefully, he moved first his head, then his back and legs. "Okay," he said.

He looked slowly around. The clowns were herding the last of the visitors out of the far end of the tent. Leandro was sitting on an elephant tub, examining his fingernails. Krakauer was sitting on the ring rim, his face down in his hands.

Mike stood up, feeling the rope-burn across his shoulders as he walked slowly over to Krakauer. "You all right?" he asked.

Krakauer got to his feet. He looked at Mike for a moment, then lowered his eyes. "Yeah." He walked past Mike to Kitty. "Come on. Let's shove."

MIKE turned slowly towards her. Leandro got up off the elephant tub.

"Isn't this the night we were going to celebrate?" Kitty asked, not looking at anyone.

Leandro began to smile. "It is indeed! The four of us will go now and drink some good wine and even sing!"

"Forget it!" Krakauer snapped, looking at Leandro. "We've got nothing to celebrate. I'm through with this racket." Then he took Kitty's elbow and added, "Both of us are."

Mike's anger was so great that the words came out slowly, one by one. "Give the kid a break, Karl. Let her stay in the show."

Kitty turned swiftly and searched his eyes. Then Krakauer elbowed her to one side. "Do you want me to paint you a little sign, junior, saying, 'Keep out, this is private business'?"

Parked on top of all the other things, that was too much. But Krakauer was right. Just as the triple had been a thing between Kitty and Leandro, this was a thing between her and the man, alone.

"Get your coat and let's go," Krakauer ordered her. Mike was so alone that he did not move as Kitty walked past him. She took two steps, one strong, the next faltering a little, and then she stopped.

For a long time she stood there looking steadily at Krakauer. There was sadness in her eyes, the corners of her mouth were down. Everything was quiet. Nothing moved. Mike's breathing stopped and even his heart faltered.

At last, her voice so low Mike could hardly hear her, she said, "No, Karl. I think my debt to you has been paid. I'm staying."

Then she looked at Mike. There were tear tracks still on her cheeks. And it seemed to Mike that all the freckles she had had when he first met her were back again.

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MISS DONLAN MAKES PROGRESS

Piquant Yolande is Sir Laurence Olivier discovery

One of the most promising new stars in Britain, now established on the top line, has never been properly introduced to her public. Her name is Yolande Donlan.

SO far, Yolande has come to the screen as a sort of under-the-counter stellar product, a blonde, cute, humorous lovely, who suddenly appeared in a couple of star vehicles to dazzle and surprise out-of-town audiences throughout the country.

There was no preliminary fanfare, no big publicity build-up, no hails of critical applause to bless her on her way. Yet she is one of those rare stars who would have justified all of these things from her first film.

I shall explain why all this was omitted. Yolande, who first built

herself a terrific reputation on the West-End stage, before taking a screen role, had no brilliant West-End premiere to launch her on her starry way. There was no press preview for critics. Therefore, she had practically no press build-up.

Her first film, a comedy with Australia's John McCallum, called "Traveller's Joy," is still in cold storage. It has never been shown. It is an adaptation of a West-End stage play which is still running.

The contract stipulates that the film cannot be shown till the play ends. At present it looks like never ending.

But you can't keep a good star down. Yolande was offered her second job—the lead in "Miss Pilgrim's Progress." This was followed by "The Body Said 'No'."

Neither of these films was shown in the West End because the backers were interested in getting them straight out on to the big cinema circuits without delay. The quicker

they did this, the quicker they got their money back, plus profits.

Now it looks as though the star will come out from under the counter and have her premiere at last.

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., is her next co-star. They are to make a comedy called "Mrs. Drake's Duck," in England, and if prestige-conscious Doug has anything to do with it, you can bet the film will get a nice, rich, glittering send-off.

Yolande Donlan is an American who has come to live permanently in Britain. At 19 she was filming small parts in Hal Roach comedies, had won a Hollywood Artists and Models' Ball competition for the girl with the shapeliest figure, had been selected by the famous Earl Carroll from sixty of his dancers for a special "spot" in his show.

Yolande's father, Broadway comedian Jimmy Donlan, gave her some wise counsel.

"Singing and dancing are all very well," he told her, "but if you want to get anywhere in show business, learn to talk."

This she did, taking dramatic lessons in her spare time. For her first job, her agent drew on his rich store of inventiveness and subterfuge. Hal Roach was wanting a

By cable from
BILL STRUTTON
in London

French girl for a film of Thorpe Smith's "Turnabout."

"You're half-French, aren't you?" her agent demanded.

"Yes," said Yolande doubtfully. "But I've never been out of America!"

"Try for it," he said.

Yolande assumed her mother's name of Molloy, dressed herself up in what she fondly imagined was most French, and went for a studio test.

"All the other girls there were really French," she said, "but I got the part. The director didn't find out because he didn't know French himself. He directed us by signs."

"I was found out three days later. Adolphe Menjou came up and spoke to me rapidly in fluent French."

"But I got away with it. They seemed to think my first scenes so good that the hoax was overlooked."

"From then on I was in danger of being typed for French girl parts."

To Sir Laurence Olivier goes the credit of discovering Yolande for Britain.

Yolande had been playing in stage shows, but had not hit the top in the States. She was taken to see a Broadway hit, "Born Yesterday."

"I just sighed for the part of Billie Dawn in it," she told me. "When I heard that the understudies hadn't been cast, I applied. I got the part, though there were five hundred other girls with the same idea."

"From then on it happened just like in the story books. The leading lady fell ill. I stepped into her shoes, and I made a hit."

"The luckiest thing was that the author, Garson Kanin, was in the theatre at the time, and he was very enthusiastic. When Sir Laurence Olivier arranged to present 'Born Yesterday' in London, Garson Kanin insisted that I should go with it."

From then on, after a long and successful run had established her as one of the major comedy stars in Britain, the offers came quickly.



YOLANDE DONLAN, blonde American star, gets a few hints on how to behave in Britain, for her part as a factory girl who visits England under a soap-jobs scheme in "Miss Pilgrim's Progress."

A tangible sign that Yolande Donlan has made it is the grand new flat in Montagu Square.

In the middle of the lounge is a large painting of Yolande reclining in a flimsy negligee on a couch. It is Sir William Russell Flint's painting, "Blonde Minx," from Yolande Donlan's bewitching *Lucrece* of the stage play, "Cage Me a Peacock."

It was hung in the Royal Academy and was the drawcard of last year. When she wanted to buy it, Flint told her modestly, "Don't waste your money." But Yolande insisted that he should give her first refusal. The price was £450.

"This is the first time I have worked for something and then paid for it," she smiled. "It's my most expensive buy in Britain."



BIRTHDAY celebration for American star Yolande Donlan on the set of the film comedy, "Miss Pilgrim's Progress," in which she stars. Here director Val Guest is offering her aniced cake made especially in the studio canteen, while co-star Michael Rennie presents her with a bouquet.



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PRINCESS NARDA: Visit the capital of Flora, land of plant wonders, which is at war with the State of Mechana. They meet
DR. FLOREL: Beautiful woman

ruler of Flora, who tries to trick Mandrake into marriage by pinning the flower of forgetfulness to his lapel. As she and Mandrake begin the ceremony, Lothar springs forward, knocking down a guard who holds a poison spear.
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TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★ ★ My Foolish Heart

THE saccharine love romance enacted in Samuel Goldwyn's "My Foolish Heart" is guaranteed to reduce all but the most cynical audiences to a damp pulp as the story progresses through several levels of emotion ranging from heartbreak to triumphant mother-love.

All the same, this film has a certain charm that stems from plausible direction, the simple wartime story, and the warmth that Susan Hayward infuses into every scene as the erring Eloise.

Plotting opens with Eloise, a near dipsomaniac, about to terminate her wartime marriage with Lew Wenger (newsman Kent Smith). When he demands custody of their daughter (Gigi Perrean), the wife becomes fiercely maternal, and prepares to shock him with the truth about the child's birth.

The secret is revealed in the flashback romance between college-girl Eloise and city-slicker Walt Dreiser (Danin Andrews), whose pre-war occupation appears to be that of a full-time party crasher.

The flip and engaging young man begins to take a more earnest view of their relationship after he is drafted into the Army, but his death in an air accident forces Eloise to marry the beau of her best friend (Lois Wheeler).

In reviving these memories Eloise arrives at a happier outlook, and Lew, who has also had a change of heart, is spared the awful truth, after all.

Among the handful of characters involved in the drama, Robert Keith's sympathetic portrayal of Susan's father is excellent, while Lois Wheeler's debut as the other girl should lead her to better screen assignments.

In Sydney—the Century.

★ We Were Strangers

SULLEN in mood and turbulent in theme, Columbia's "We Were Strangers" details the overthrow of a Cuban terrorist regime as seen from the angle of a group of revolutionary stalwarts led by a fanatical John Garfield.

Using highly melodramatic style,

director John Huston concentrates on the plan to blow up a covey of politicians gathered at a State funeral in Havana cemetery.

Cast as a Cuban-born revolutionist who returns to his native land with money to be used to unseat the Government, Garfield hits upon the chilling scheme of first assassinating the prominent owner of the cemetery plot, then tunnelling from the home of co-conspirator Jennifer Jones to the grave, and planting a bomb underneath the spot—thus disposing of officials en masse.

It's a silly plan that deserves to fall through, and does, after a lot of back-breaking work and the shattering of the plotters' morale due to the constant threat of discovery by the local gestapo.

When that happens Garfield goes down in a burst of gunfire from villainous Pedro Armendariz and his henchmen, just as the final revolt, ending the dictatorship, is touched off.

As the moving spirit of this heavily dialogued piece, John Garfield gives an incisive characterisation, and the cast is dotted with the names of respected players, including Gilbert Roland, Wally Cassell, Ramon Navarro, and David Bond.

In Sydney—the Victory.

★ Under My Skin

THE use of continental race-track settings and some driving race finishes give this 20th Century-Fox film moments of excitement.

For the rest, the Ernest Hemingway story reaches filmgoers as an uneven and uneasy affair about a father-and-son relationship which never quite pulls out of the slough of sentiment into which it plunges early on.

An actor who likes to get over a message via his screen portrayals, on this occasion John Garfield plays a crooked American jockey. Over-age and over-weight, as the story begins, he has worn out his welcome in Europe.

Apparently he would as soon throw a race as not, and this peculiarity has upset quite the wrong people.

With Luther Adler's gang in hot pursuit, jockey Dan ends up in

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

Paris, where the youngster Orley Lindgren is taken under the wing of Micheline Prelle, a café chanteuse. The lady has her own good reasons for disliking Dan in the beginning.

Reaction to domesticity and loyalty to his son eventually spur Dan on to defy the gangsters and redeem himself in a final victory at the cost of his own life.

Admirers of the work of Micheline Prelle (nee Presle) in her native French productions will doubtless be concerned that for her American debut she has been glamorised into a run-of-the-mill torch singer.

In Sydney—the Enquire.

★ Colorado Territory

WARNERS' latest old-style Western is neither better nor worse than average, but the rugged beauty of the boundless terrain is presented with delightful pictorial sense.

The drama is built around Wes McQueen, a notorious outlaw of the 1870's, who heads west with a vague idea of going straight after escaping from a Missouri gaol.

Joel McCrea is quietly satisfactory as the outlaw who allows himself to be persuaded into collecting one more payroll—the inevitable one for which he is betrayed, wounded, and trapped by the local sheriff.

An adventurous journey introduces the outlaw to Dorothy Malone and her film-father, Henry Hull, and a stopover in a ruined Spanish town brings him into contact with Colorado Carson, a half-breed frontier wail (Virginia Mayo).

As an untamed girl of the brutal west, the ex-bathing beauty does not register, although she stands by the hunted man when Dorothy Malone's pretty but prissy young lady would turn him in for the reward, and to aether they go down in a hail of bullets.

That young man with a screen future, James Mitchell, does a creditable small piece as a treacherous bandit.

In Sydney—the Plaza.

News from the studios

By cable from Hollywood
LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

HANDSOME Mario Lanza, the actor-singer whose star appears to be fast rising on the Hollywood horizon, is carrying comparisons made of him to Enrico Caruso to an extreme. Mario is a prospective father. Says he: "If it's a boy, I'm going to name him Enrico Lanza."

ANN SHERIDAN's first husband, Eddie Norris, has finally received some measure of prominence on his own. Eddie, who always has been classified as little more than an aspiring actor, will play the important role of a tough army sergeant in the Warner war epic, "Breakthrough," David Brian, John Agar, and Paris-born Suzanne Dalbert are the stars.

CHANCES are you'll not recognise your favorite screen idol the next time you see him. Clark Gable will wear long hair and a long beard beneath his coonskin cap when he portrays a frontier scout in M.G.M.'s super-Western, "Across the Wide Missouri," starting shortly. A few weeks back Gable received orders from the studio not to shave or get a haircut until further orders. His comment: "It itches."



BLONDE SHELLEY WINTERS and John Payne make an interesting twosome at a recent affair at Ciro's in Hollywood. While Shelley's name has been romantically linked with eligible bachelors on several occasions, she continues to devote most of her time to her screen career.

Film favorites in gala attire

• **IRENE DUNNE** (right) co-stars with Fred MacMurray in R.K.O.'s "Come Share My Love," a comedy about a sophisticated Broadway musical comedy star and successful song writer who meets and falls in love with a cowhand while attending a charity rodeo in New York. With him she treks out to the wide open spaces to find adventure.

• **JOAN CRAWFORD**, Warners (below), who maintains her reputation for tackling difficult acting roles with appearances in "Flamingo Road," a story of crooked American politics in which she plays an underprivileged heroine. This will be followed by "The Damned Don't Cry." In both she co-stars with newcomer David Brian.

• **AUDREY TOTTER**, M.G.M. (below, right), is now being seen in "Tension," in which she has the most dramatic assignment of her film career. Richard Basehart, Barry Sullivan, and Cyd Charisse play leading characters in the story. Dresses designed for Audrey to wear in this film are either all-white or all-black.

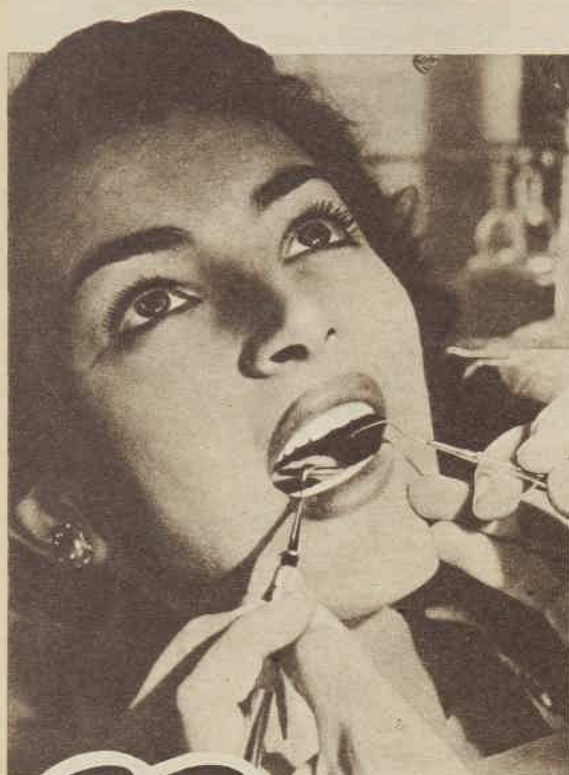


The Australian Women's
Weekly - July 25, 1938
Page 45



Your dentist will tell you...

"Some teeth are lost through decay...
but **EVEN MORE** through
gum troubles."



S.R. Toothpaste

does much more
than help stop decay—
**IT PROTECTS
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CARES FOR GUMS, HELPS STOP DECAY... S.R. WORKS THE DOUBLE WAY

SRL 49. VVV142



1 SUBDUING saloon scoffers with a pair of cavalry pistols, husky parson John Gray (Joel McCrea), new bible in hand, forces mob to listen to sermon there, and in barn, parlor, and open field, where he continues work.



2 HAPPILY settled in Walesburg with wife Harriet (Ellen Drew) and nephew John (Dean Stockwell), who idolises him, parson sees his church built.

Stars In My Crown



THE small southern town of Walesburg is the locale of this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, the time is shortly after the Civil War, and the story is about a young preacher and the people in his adopted village.

From the script by Margaret Fitts, which is based on Joe David Brown's adaptation of his own novel, "Stars in My Crown" is crammed with human interest, from the comedy of everyday life to the drama of prejudice, greed, and ignorance.

Directed by Jacques Tourneur, the title of the film comes from an old hymn, which is repeated throughout the action.

Marshall Thompson is the narrator who ties the story together, and popular troupers Lewis Stone, James Mitchell, Connie Gilchrist, and the late Alan Hale fill character parts.



3 LETTER coercing kindly Uncle Famous Prill (Juano Hernandez) to sell his land containing mica vein disturbs family.

4 ACQUAINTANCE of Dr. Andrew Harris (James Mitchell) and Faith Samuels (Amanda Blake) turns to love.



5 ILL with typhoid, contracted from school well-water, John is saved by Dr. Harris. News reaches parson that night-riders have raided Uncle Famous' farm.



6 SCHOOL opening-day, parson is attacked by doctor for exposing children to infection. Typhoid later hits; John denies drinking from well, and horrified minister withdraws from village, is accused of hiding from germs.



7 CONFIDENCE in the parson and himself comes to doctor when epidemic is combated. News comes of plan to lynch Uncle Famous that night; only parson helps.



8 HOODED RIDERS are met by unarmed minister at negro's shack. He reads to them Uncle Famous' supposed will, shames mob into breaking up. Later paper from which he reads is shown to be blank.

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"CLARISSE"

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"GAIL"

Wool
Costs ... **10/7 1/2**

"NANETTE"

Wool
Costs ... **12/9**



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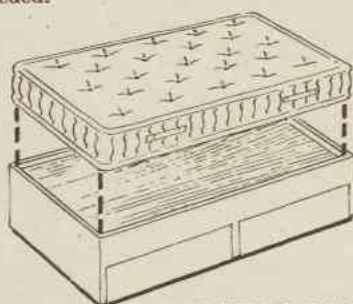
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Even an ordinary non-spring mattress becomes a dream of comfort when supported this way. Note particularly how the supporting underbars of the Vono Spring Base carry the heaviest part of the body, but are not under the head or feet where little or no support is needed.



DON'T DO THIS

Many people make the mistake of putting an inner-spring mattress on a wooden platform. If you want the comfort you rightly expect from an inner-spring mattress . . . remember, it must rest on a spring base.

Dress Sense by Betty Keep



is a dress with cap sleeves, a scooped neckline, a self belt, and a slim skirt, accompanied by a jacket gathered on a waistband (2½ inches wide) that ends in a sash to be wrapped around or tied in a bow. Have the dress in black crepe, and emerald and white print (small pattern) for the jacket. Or the idea could be carried out entirely in print, in which case have the jacket hip-length, and fitted and bound with grosgrain ribbon.

January bride

"MY wedding is to take place in January, and, though it is so far away, I would be very pleased if you could advise me about my trousseau. I want to have a cotton negligee, but something different from floral cotton. Would you give me an idea?"

If you really do want a negligee and not a dressing-gown, my suggestion is embroidered eyelet cotton. Have it hanging full from a ruffled yoke, and finished with above-elbow sleeves. It would be difficult to find anything prettier than a gown designed on these lines, and it will launder like a dream.

Hat problem

"I AM having two bridesmaids at my wedding, and I would like them to wear big organdie hats, but wondered if large shapes would be correct. The wedding is a formal church affair."

There are no set rules about a bridesmaid's hat. It can be minute, large or floppy, demure or perky, according to the girl's type and the style chosen for her dress. For example, a large picture hat in organdie would be perfect with a wide-skirted organdie dress, but definitely wrong with sophisticated velvet or slim satin.

Black over white

"SOME black organza that I am very anxious to make into a dress to wear for five o'clock parties, and also for dancing, is proving a problem because I have a sallow skin, and the black has to be lightened. Would it be correct to wear it over a pink tulle slip?"

As you apparently do not like yourself in unrelieved black, my suggestion is to line the dress with white net. The net will create a nice misty effect, and be newer than black over a pastel shade.

Tailored dress

"HERE is my spring dress problem. I want to have a frock made to wear under a lightweight coat. I don't want anything dressy, just a smart tailored style either in a print or a plain color."

A shirtwaist style is my suggestion for your spring dress. The shirtwaist influence is one of the strongest trends for spring, and I think one of the most attractive. Both small prints and solid colors are equally popular. Pleated skirts, soft bloused tops, and white starched accents are all being utilised in this style range.

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

ALL-OVER PLEATING and the pierrot neckline make this evening blouse particularly suitable for slight figures.

PARIS fashion flash: The pierrot neckline is a new line launched in Paris by Jean Patou.

Pierrot line

"WOULD you design a style for a pretty blouse to wear with a black evening skirt? I have a rather thin neck and a flat-chested figure, so could the blouse have fullness? I would, however, like short sleeves."

My suggestion for your evening blouse is sketched. The blouse is designed with a pierrot neckline and soft fullness created with all-over narrow pleating. The only trim is a row of self-covered buttons across the shoulders and a narrow velvet ribbon at the neckline. The soft fullness of the pleating should be extremely flattering to your figure.

For sportswear

"PLEASE let me know what color would be new and smart-looking for a sports skirt and top. It's to take on holiday. I am in my late teens, and a great admirer of American teenage fashions."

In America, the white top over a navy skirt is a major fashion. My suggestion is a straight line skirt in navy gabardine, finished with large hip pockets, and the top in white fleecy wool, wrist-length and back belted. Belt slightly below normal waistline.

The smaller figure

"FASHION magazines do not seem to cater for small women and I am one, so I am asking you for advice. My present need is a dress and jacket. Should I have it made from a plain or patterned material? Would you please add some general hints?"

Everything you choose should be scaled to your special proportions. Always a small collar, a slightly padded and rounded shoulder, modified dolman sleeves, small fitted jackets, neat little prints. Broadly speaking have all your clothes designed with lines uncluttered and without much detail. For your dress and jacket ensemble, my suggestion

BEAUTY AND THE BLEMISH

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert



FIVE minutes more given to thoughtful skin care can make all the difference between a carefree and a care-worn complexion. Be kind to your skin and the results will reward you for the time spent.

● At 18 or 20 your skin is probably at its best, and for sheer beauty there is nothing to touch its satiny bloom, part suppleness and softness, part shine—sure signs that it is healthy.

BUT before and after that takes place a lot of irritating things can happen to a complexion.

It's fun to grow up, although youngsters often doubt that these in-between years are the happiest in life, especially when they are in the throes of coping with spots.

Spots can be anything from an occasional angry-looking bump to a spread of eruptions requiring sound professional handling.

Science cannot yet say for certain why some girls and boys have blemished complexions in their growing-up time of life while others seem to get off scot free.

It is thought to be caused by a germ called acne bacillus, but as the germ is found on good skins as well, it seems that other factors come into it which make some people potential victims for attack.

Pimples are a defence thrown up by the skin around infected areas.

Between the ages of 13 and 17 external and internal changes often cause oil-glands to work overtime. In the healthy youngster this adolescent skin oiliness sometimes corrects itself, but if it doesn't there is no smooth and velvety future in sitting round waiting for an oily skin to disappear by some miracle of nature.

It is useless firstly because a spotty face is a misery to the owner, and secondly because it is unwise to give oiliness a chance to become chronic.

But don't be too discouraged about your problem skin. There is quite a lot you can do to clear it of bumps, blackheads, oiliness, and enlarged pores by taking precautions and applying local treatments.

Naturally watch general health... eat proper food, have regular habits, regular eating times, exercise, and no overdoing of eating, exercise, or even sleeping, because laziness is as harmful to beauty as any other bad habit, chiefly because it slows down the circulation.

Strict diet

DIET watching isn't so hard to do, and if you are a victim of spotty face it's a good idea to follow a training-table diet as athletes do when getting into form.

Eliminate all fried foods from the menu, avoid all pastries, pies, sweets, sauces, fat meats, and starchy extras which are tempting but a penalty in the long run.

Get variety into eating plans with fruits, for here choice is practically unlimited. Vegetables, green or yellow for preference, cooked, and salads with a little cheese or egg. Lean meat, fish, and poultry, and milk and several glasses of water each day rather than tea and coffee.

Desserts need not disappear altogether, but fancy soda-fountain concoctions should. Fresh and handsome mixtures of fruit, plus junket or custard, are beneficial.

It is not the function of cosmetics to clear a bad skin, and therefore there is no point in trying to cover up with what you hope is concealing make-up. On the contrary, persistent skin eruptions need medical treatment, and ensuring clinical cleanliness of the skin is bound to be the first consideration.

Taking it for granted that you are always kind to the complexion by keeping it clean and well washed, as acne flourishes on an oily skin, you won't want to add more oil to what is already there by using face creams.

Best response will be to soap and water cleansing. A medicated soap and quite hot water, used three times a day and rinsed off with lukewarm water, is the best care for that oily condition.

Cleanliness also applies to wash-cloths, towels, and that menace in the make-up kit, a soiled powder-puff. Use instead dabs of cottonwool which can be tossed out after use.

Mild, calamine-type lotions, which cool and help clear the skin, are usually recommended for after-washing use.

Beware of amateur surgery on bumps and blackheads. It is a temptation to squeeze blackheads that look ready to pop, but don't do it; it only aggravates something that cannot be dealt with by force. You have to coax them out by special means, so hands off the face to save spreading infection.

Enlarged pores usually go hand-in-hand with this type of skin. To reduce them, and at the same time counteract oiliness, a good astringent lotion should be used night and morning after cleansing.



So they say in California where this fine casual shirt was styled, but the craftsmanship and colourful variety of exclusive fabrics help more than a little. No wonder then it is the most copied shirt. So look for the label and insist on the genuine

It's guaranteed of course!

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Lovely Maureen Cooney of Cremorne is one of Sydney's keenest skating fans. During the winter, she's usually on the ice every night. "I get cold in these brief skating suits" says Maureen "but I never have to worry about flu. The moment I leave the rink, I order a cup of steaming hot Bonox. Bonox seems to put new life into me." Let steaming hot Bonox keep you fit this winter. It sends warmth and renewed strength racing through your whole system, raises your resistance, helps you combat colds and flu. Enjoy steaming hot Bonox at any time. Keep a bottle at home where it is particularly useful for soups and gravies as well as for hot, nourishing drinks.

B04



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June Massey, popular Sydney fashion model, says:
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Those natural gleaming highlights make
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June Massey.

Lois Stevens, lovely blonde mannequin and model, says:
"I find 'Hi-Liter' brings out the natural sheen
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so quick and simple to use."

Lois Stevens



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No. 388.—BIBS

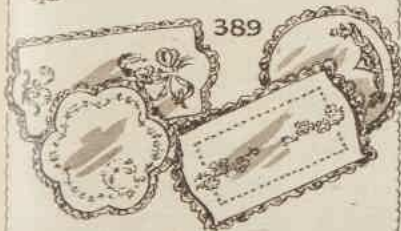
Three pretty styles for the tiny babe. They are traced ready to embroider on rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel pink, or blue, and on cream in cream only. No. 1 design, on left, is supplied with ribbon. No. 1 Bib, price 3/3, complete with ribbon, postage 2/1d. Nos. 2 and 3 Bibs, price 1/9 each, postage 2/1d. each.



388 3

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"Peggy"

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"NONA."—An attractive dressing-gown made with a good cross-over wrap, full skirt, and three-quarter-length sleeves. The material is a floral seersucker, colors include red and navy, dusty pink and black, turquoise and pink, pale blue and navy, all printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 77/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 79/11. Postage, 2/11 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 62/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 63/9. Postage, 2/11 extra.

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MAXAM SAUSAGE ROLLS

Required: $\frac{1}{2}$ packet Bakeo, 1 tin Maxam Pork or Beef sausages.

Method: Add water to Bakeo and roll out very thinly. Cut into squares. Remove Maxam sausages from tin and place portion on each square of pastry. Roll over, moisten edges and ends of pastry with milk and press together lightly. Place on well greased tray; brush over tops of rolls with a little milk and bake in moderate oven till golden brown. (5 - 10 mins.)



MAXAM BAKEO ORANGE CAKE

Required: 1 packet Bakeo, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 table-spoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon grated orange peel, 2 eggs, vanilla.

Method: Mix Bakeo and sugar lightly together. Add all other ingredients to well beaten eggs. Mix gradually into Bakeo. Grease loaf tin well and bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. When cold decorate top with orange icing.



MAXAM BAKEO HONEY CRISPS

Required: $\frac{1}{2}$ packet Bakeo, 2 table-spoons brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, 1 egg, 2 heaped table-spoons Honey, 2 cups cornflakes (crushed).

Method: Mix Bakeo, sugar and nuts together. Beat egg and honey and add to mixture. Lastly add cornflakes and let stand for 5 minutes. Place small teaspoonful of mixture on well greased tray, well spaced. Bake in hot oven until golden brown (8 - 10 mins.)



MAXAM BAKEO RASPBERRY LAYER

Required: 1 packet Bakeo, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg (well beaten), 1 tablespoon milk, 4 table-spoons Raspberry Jam.

Method: Beat egg and milk together and mix in Bakeo and sugar to soft dough. Turn out on a lightly floured board and divide into three. Press into 7 inch rounds. Line bottom of 7 inch sandwich tin with butter paper and put in dough, spreading jam between each layer. Bake in moderately hot oven 30 - 35 mins. When cold sprinkle with Cinnamon or ice with lemon icing.

IF IT'S **MAXAM** it's good!



SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

● Piping hot savory dishes, quickly and easily prepared, are the best choice for week-end evening meals.

HERE are Sunday night specials; hot, appetising, and satisfying, they may be made from the remains of the midday joint, fresh meat, vegetables, tinned fish or meat, or a combination of any of these ingredients.

All spoon measurements are level.

MANHATTAN TOASTED SANDWICHES

Nine slices bread cut 3-8in. thick, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped cold cooked veal, lamb, or rabbit, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt and pepper, 1 medium-sized tomato, 2 rashers grilled bacon, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon mayonnaise, radishes and parsley to garnish, butter.

Butter 3 slices bread on both sides; butter remaining 6 slices on one side only. Combine sauce, meat, cheese, and grated onion; season with salt and pepper. Spread over 3 of the slices buttered on one side; top with slices buttered on both sides. Spread second layer with thinly sliced tomato; cover with grilled bacon (rind removed). Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and parsley, add dabs of mayonnaise. Cover with balance of slices buttered on one side. Toast until well browned on top and bottom. Cut each of the 3 sandwiches in halves diagonally and serve piping hot with a garnish of parsley and radish roses.

TOMATO AND CORN SAVORY

One large tin sweet corn, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 rasher lean bacon, 4 medium-sized tomatoes, very thinly sliced or diced cold cooked meat, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, parsley and tomato slices to garnish.

Mix sweet corn with beaten eggs, onion, finely chopped bacon. Place half the mixture in greased ovenware dish. Cover with sliced peeled tomatoes, then sliced or diced meat. Sprinkle with parsley, salt, and pepper. Add balance of corn mixture. Bake in moderate oven until corn and egg mixture is set and lightly browned on top, about 25 to 30 minutes. Arrange extra tomato slices on top and return to oven until they are softened. Garnish with parsley before serving.

Continued on page 54

Younger every day..



..because I'm sleeping soundly every night

... thanks to Cadbury's BOURN-VITA

As age creeps up on you, your body needs extra rest to keep its youthful spring and vitality. A cup of delicious Bourn-vita before bed each night and you're all set for the kind of sleep that refreshes, replaces energy, and fits you for another busy day.

Bourn-vita is a food — as well as a delightful drink. Made from rich barley malt, eggs, full cream milk, and chocolate it supplies that extra nourishment your body needs to maintain health and energy.

Bourn-vita comes in two sizes — the one pound tin is 4/6 and the half pound tin 2/6. Try this wonderful, easy way to health...



Sleep sweeter

BOURN-VITA

The greatest health drink of them all.



V19/2FC/0

Page 54



CHERRIES AND NUTS flavor and decorate an inexpensive one-egg gingerbread slab, which cuts into about 20 pieces. Recipe wins £5.

Gingerbread is winner

CRYSTALLISED or glacé cherries and blanched almonds or chopped walnuts give a delicious flavor to light gingerbread squares.

This spicy recipe wins this week's first prize of £5. Two appetising meat dishes win consolation prizes.

Remember these columns are reserved each week for readers' home-tested recipes. Send your entries to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

All spoon measurements in recipes refer to level spoons.

CHERRY NUT GINGERBREAD

Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 2oz. cherries, 2oz. blanched almonds (or chopped walnuts), 4oz. margarine or butter, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons golden syrup.

Sift flour, ginger, and salt; add sugar, cherries, and almonds. Dissolve soda in milk, mix with beaten egg, golden syrup, and melted shortening. Fold lightly into dry ingredients. Fill into greased, paper-lined slab-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 55 to 60 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, top with lemon-flavored icing, decorate with nuts and cherries. Cut into squares when cold. Makes approximately 20 squares.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. A. McKinnon, Chamberlain Ave., Edwardstown, S.A.

CANADIAN PORK PIE

Two and a half cups diced roast pork or diced cooked pork sausages (skin removed), 2 cooking apples, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, nutmeg, 1 cup pork gravy, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Pastry: Three-quarters cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, pinch

salt, 3oz. margarine or butter, water to mix.

Grease a pie-dish and arrange alternate layers of diced pork and apple (peeled, cored, and thinly sliced). Season each layer with salt and pepper, add a light sprinkling of nutmeg on apple slices. Add parsley and gravy. Prepare pastry. Sift flours and salt, rub in margarine or butter. Add sufficient water to mix to a firm dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to fit top of pie-dish. Glaze edge of dish, place pastry on top. Trim edges, decorate with pastry rose and leaves. Make 1in. slit in top. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) and continue cooking for further 20 minutes. Serve piping hot with vegetables.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss L. Fisher, Woongoolba, via Yatala, Qld.

SPANISH SAUSAGES AND LENTILS

One pound pork sausages, small quantity margarine or good clarified fat, 1 cup cooked lentils, 1 onion, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons diced green pepper, 2 ripe tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste, scant 1 cup water, parsley.

Brown sausages lightly in hot margarine or fat. Remove from pan, cut into pieces. Drain fat from pan, return sausages, adding lentils, thinly sliced onion, finely chopped garlic, green pepper, skinned chopped tomatoes, salt, pepper, and water. Cover and simmer 20 to 25 minutes or pressure-cook 8 to 10 minutes. Serve on hot dish, garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss M. Gray, Locke St., New Farm, Qld.

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

SAVORY MEAT PATTIES

One cup diced cooked meat (or tinned luncheon meat), 1 cup diced cooked vegetables, 1 cup cooked spaghetti, 1 cup white sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 2 small tomatoes, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, browned crumbs, fat for frying.

Combine meat, vegetables, spaghetti, white sauce, and skinned chopped tomatoes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Allow to become quite cold. Shape a tablespoon at a time into flat patties. Coat with seasoned flour, dip in egg-glazing, toss again in crumbs. Deep fry golden brown in fuming fat, drain on clean kitchen paper and serve piping hot.

FRUITED LAMB CURRY

Two cups chopped cooked lamb (remains of joint, or braised neck or breast of lamb, fresh or salted), 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 pint water or meat or vegetable stock, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon curry-powder (or more according to taste), 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon

juice, 1 apple, 1 banana, 1 cup sultanas.

Peel and dice onion, brown in hot fat. Add flour and brown. Stir in water or stock. Continue stirring until boiling. Add salt, curry-powder, sugar, lemon juice, diced apple, sliced banana, and sultanas. Simmer 10 minutes. Fold in meat and simmer 5 minutes longer. Serve hot with toast squares or Melba toast.

LAMB AND CELERY SOUFFLE

One and a half cups minced cooked lamb, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 1/2 cups thick white sauce, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 egg-whites (reserve yolks for custard).

Combine meat, parsley, onion, celery, and peas. Fold into white sauce, season with salt and cayenne. Beat egg-whites stiffly with pinch salt, fold lightly into meat mixture. Turn into greased ovenware dish. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 30 to 40 minutes. Serve immediately.

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AMAZINGLY
QUICK RELIEF
with

**BAYER'S
ASPIRIN**

Tablets

24 for 1'3
100 for 4'



A picture of GOOD HEALTH

Happy and contented, full of life and glowing with good health! That's how a baby should be, even during the difficult teething period. Steedman's famous powders help keep baby happy and healthy. They are a safe and gentle aperient which cool the bloodstream and keep baby regular in habits. Remember. For baby's good health—

Give
**STEEDMAN'S
POWDERS**
ON SALE AT ALL CHEMISTS



BABY LOVES

to revel in the delightful cream-like lather of Cuticura Soap. It keeps his tender skin healthy and exquisitely soft and velvety.

One of the famous trio—Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder.

**Cuticura
SOAP**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Simple Home Treatment.

Sufferers from superfluous hairs should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

is a scientific discovery by Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly de-vitalises and then destroys the hair. It has no detrimental effect on the skin and is simple and pleasant to use.

"VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle (Post 6/6) from Hallam's Pty. Ltd., 212 George St., Sydney, and all Branches: Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Melb.; and Harks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 22, 1950



*Deep brushing
is the secret of
lovely hair*

BEAUTY BRUSH

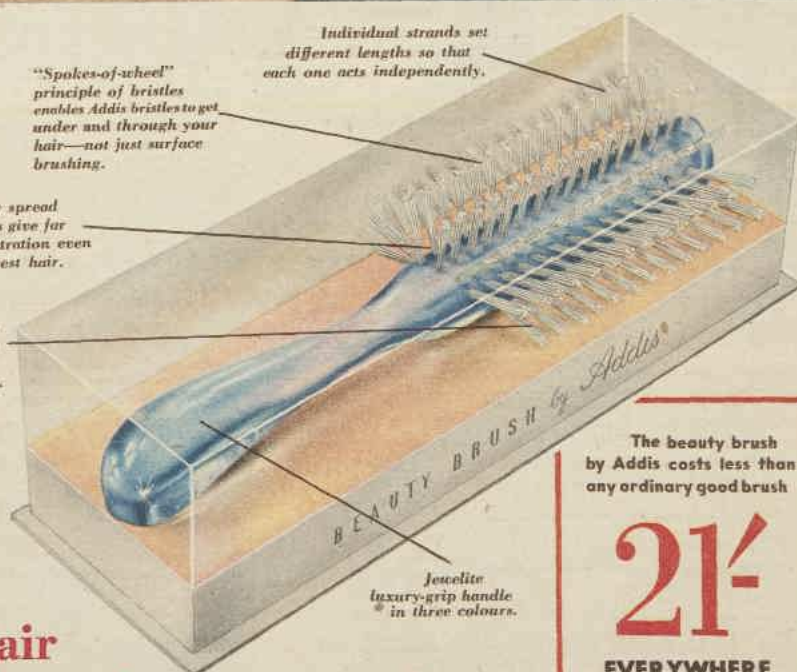
by *Addis*

**brushes deeper into your hair
than any brush you've ever used.**

This brush will do more for your hair than any brush, massage, shampoo or beauty treatment you've ever used. Your hair springs to life. Lights always shine from it because every hair is reached . . . and its silken sheen is fully brought up by the

Addis Beauty Brush. No ordinary brush which provides only surface brushing can do this for you.

Just study the features pointed out by arrows above. You'll straightway know that this technique of brushing your hair must bring results.



The beauty brush by Addis costs less than any ordinary good brush

21/-

EVERYWHERE



BEAUTY BRUSHES

by *Addis*

Just think what a perfect gift this would be for every occasion

Better Beauty-care for BUSINESS GIRLS



Read how this practical, time-saving
HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT
gives busy girls a lovelier skin

This is important news for the girl who is always saying she "just hasn't got the time." You can make your skin look really lovely with this widely used home beauty treatment. It's the kind of skin care you could spend hours on at expensive Beauty Salons, but now so easy to do yourself.

What you do is give yourself a quick beauty facial every night with Skin Deep Facial. It takes only a few minutes in your own home. This entirely new kind of facial cream is winning almost fanatical devotion from girls who find out about it.

The important feature of Skin Deep Facial is that it nourishes the deep under-skin; you can tell this at once by the surprising way it goes right into your skin. No elaborate massage is needed: scientific tests have proved that the skin soaks up 87% more Skin Deep Facial than the average face cream! Skin Deep Facial carries deep into the skin the vital things it needs to keep young-looking.

No girl who has a busy indoor job all the week, with a few late nights for good measure, can escape that fatal tired look. If you let this become a permanent state, your skin will soon lose its attractiveness, despite youthful years.

Just smooth this life-giving beauty cream lightly over your face and neck every night at bed-time. Skin Deep Facial is so nice to use, because it disappears into the skin quickly and doesn't leave a greasy

layer on the surface. And so refreshing! All the tiredness and tautness leave your skin at once.

Regular nightly facials bring about quite exciting improvements in your skin within a few days! All signs of tiredness and nervous strain vanish immediately, and any roughness, coarseness or patchiness is soon softened away. Ask any girl who uses Skin Deep Facial—and she will tell you how true this is. Skin Deep Facial is highly recommended by chemists, who understand the scientific features of this important new development in Skin Care.

Start your home beauty treatment-to-night. Thousands of girls in England and Australia already use Skin Deep Facial regularly. You can get it at any Chemist or Department Store. 5/- for a large treatment-size jar.



Skin Deep
FACIAL
ATKINSONS LONDON

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Rich....Nourishing...
Concentrated

and made
with
**TABLE
BUTTER**

... treat your
family today
with delicious

**WHITE CROW
Tomato Soup**

A PRODUCT OF FRANCIS LONGMORE & CO. LTD.



Classic sweater

FRENCH-DESIGNED hand-knitted sweater, with the new high-set pockets, is smart and cosy; knitted in gay or pastel colors.

Here are the easy-to-follow directions:

Materials: 9 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2336 (beige), this is the only wool that should be used; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 5 small buttons; 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20½ in.; bust, 32-34 in.; length of sleeve seam, 18 in.

Note: For 36 in. bust, use No. 9 instead of No. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; d.c., double crochet.

Tension: 7 sts., 1 in.; 9 rows, 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 118 sts. When work measures 13 in., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 3 in., k 50 (leave remaining 44 sts. on a spare needle). Continue on these 50 sts., making buttonholes as follows: First one being 1 in. above opening, and 3 more 1 in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: (wrong side) P 3, cast off 2 sts., p to end.

2nd Row: K to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., k 3.

When armhole measures 7 in., shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Cast off. Join wool at centre back, cast on 6 sts., k to end of row. Cont. in st-st., keeping the 6 cast-on sts. in garter-st. and shape shoulder to correspond with other side.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 22 sts. Work in st-st. for 3 in., ending with a k row. Leave on a spare needle.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 2½ in.

Next Row: K 8, cast off 22 sts., k 34, cast off 22 sts., k 8.

Next Row: P 8, p the 22 sts. of 1 pocket, p 34, p the 22 sts. of 2nd pocket, p 8. Continue in st-st. until armholes measure 5½ in.

Next Row: K 40 (leave on a spare needle), cast off 14 sts., k 40. Continue on last 40 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 6 rows, then



SIMPLICITY for smartness is a Paris maxim, and here is the proof in a sweater that is easy to knit.

every 2nd row until dec. to 30 sts. When armhole measures 7 in., shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge, and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 90 sts. When sleeve seam measures 18 in., or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 60 sts., then every row until dec. to 30 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 96

sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 10 rows.

Next Row: Rib 4 sts., cast off 2 sts., rib to end of row.

Next Row: Rib to last 4 sts., cast on 2 sts., rib 4 sts. Work 2 rows rib. Cast off in ribbing.

POCKET TOPS

Using No. 10 needles, with right side of work towards you, pick up and k 22 sts. along top of pocket. K 4 rows. Cast off.

SHOULDER-PADS

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 44 sts. Work in st-st. for 6 in. Cast off. Fold diagonally, lightly pad with cotton-wool and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves and shoulder-pads. Work 1 row of d.c. down back opening, sew on buttons. Stitch down pockets.

Unusual shrubs to plant now

TWO of the most unusual shrubs that may be planted at present are psoralea (pronounced "saw-allia") and protea.

Psoralea pinnata is a rapid-growing evergreen with attractive light green foliage rather resembling a miniature pine, and masses of bluish-purple pea-shaped flowers which appear in spring. In suitable soil it will grow to 8 ft.

Unlike many comparatively new

introductions it will thrive practically anywhere from Brisbane south to Melbourne and Adelaide, but needs protection for the first year or two in southern latitudes.

Protea obtusa and many other varieties of the same family came to us from South Africa, where they are mostly known as Cape honey-suckle. The shrubs grow to a fairly big size, and the blooms are large and mostly hairy in appearance, with very big calices. They vary from pink to red in color, and some of them include yellow in their color schemes, as well as green, purple, and violet. Being rather sprawling in habit, they should be given ample room.

For a shady place or bush-house the dainty berry-bearing bush ardisia would be hard to fault. The leaves are fairly large and shiny, and the shiny red berries last for 12 months or more and are borne in whorls extending from the trunk immediately below the foliage.

The Brazilian glory pea, Seshania tripetii, is another lovely shrub that used to be very popular in many gardens in the warmer parts of Australia. The flowers are a bright tomato-orange, pea-shaped, and most generously produced each year if the shrub is cut back hard.

For lime-free land, ericas or heaths are ideal subjects and very beautiful for some months of the year.—Our Home Gardener.

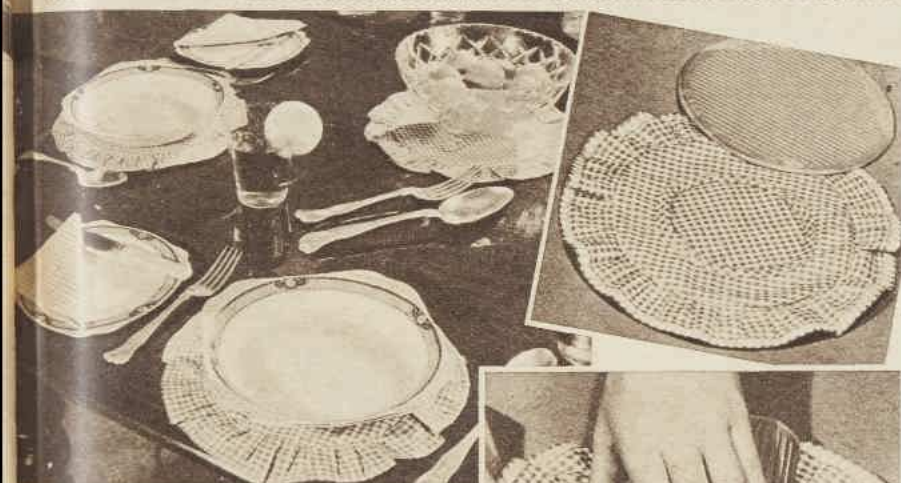
VIBURNUM OPULUS, better known as the snowball bush or Guelder Rose, is a most useful, decorative subject suitable to the cooler parts of Australia.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 22, 1958



LIGHT WALLS MAKE LIGHT ROOMS. It cost only a few shillings in hard cash to redecorate walls and ceiling of room pictured above. Walls were first stripped of dark wallpaper and then distempered in a magnolia shade in keeping with the delicate effect of the wrought-iron table and chairs.



PLACE-MATS made of check gingham give cheerful touch to breakfast table and are easy to launder.

PLACE-MATS LIKE THESE COST LITTLE TO MAKE

● Though expensive to buy, attractive place-mats for the breakfast, luncheon, or dinner table can be made for the cost of covering material and rubber insets.

THE mats pictured here were made of green check gingham, but you can use chintz, cretonne, or any other serviceable fabric; or you can make them from fine lace for gala occasions.

It took three yards of check gingham to make a set of six, with six small serviettes to match. Rubber mats for the insets cost about sixpence each.

Rickrack braiding gives a pretty finish to the edges, although it was not used on the mats shown above.

Here are the simple directions for making:

Cut two circles for each mat three-quarters of an inch larger all the way around than rubber mats to be used.

Cut a small circle in the centre of one of these circles and hem or bind. This is to allow the rubber mat to be put in and taken out.

Frilling: Cut strips of material two inches wide and join them together. Hem one edge and place the braid along this edge, or finish any other way. Gather the other edge. For each mat allow one and a half times the circumference of the circle to be frilled.

Place frilling between right sides of both circles, and stitch circles together on the wrong side. Be careful that frilling does not get caught up when doing this.

Mats can be turned to right side through centre holes.

Serviettes can be hemmed and braid put on and made to whatever side required.

RUBBER INSETS not only save table but keep mats firm. They can be slipped in or out easily.

BABY'S LAYETTE

By **SISTER MARY JACOB,**
Our Mothercraft Nurse

HERE are some important points which should be remembered in planning a baby's layette:

- Don't use flannelette for baby's clothes; it is inflammable and often causes serious accidents.
 - Don't put wool or flannel or other irritating materials next to the baby's sensitive skin; they could cause an irritating rash. Put a soft cotton or silk shirt under baby's woollen singlets.
 - Soft porous materials which admit air should be worn. Tight bands or tapes should be avoided. They drag or pull, may become tighter.
 - Always cut clothes on the large side to allow for the rapid growth of a baby, and make adjustments with tucks or smocking.
 - Include at least a dozen butter-muslin napkins when preparing this important item of a baby's trousseau.
- Patterns of a 12-piece layette are obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Price 3/6.

French-inspired designs to knit

YOU'D be surprised what you can make with a pair of knitting needles, some wool, and a new idea—particularly a French idea.

In The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book there are beautifully designed sweaters, examples of the ingenuity which makes French styles so intriguing.

You'll find everything from a bewitching, delicate stole to a pair of mischievous "warm as toast" bedsocks that you'll wear by the fireside.

The 1950 Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book is on sale now for 1/6 from all newsagents and booksellers.



TIME FOR A CAPSTAN

THE EMPIRE'S FAVOURED CIGARETTE

20/10 4.50



I'm thankful you put me on to this...

Perhaps the finest tribute paid to the world-popular DeWitt's Antacid Powder is the confidence with which it is recommended by one-time sufferers to their friends and family.

This faith is built on firm foundations, for DeWitt's Antacid Powder does exactly what it sets out to do—it conquers stomach suffering, and conquers it speedily.

No matter how long or how severely you have suffered, here is relief, real and lasting—here is the road back to brighter days and restful nights.

There is a simple explanation why DeWitt's Antacid Powder works with such efficacy. Among

the scientifically blended ingredients is one of the fastest acid neutralisers in existence. This counteracts excess acidity immediately. Other ingredients spread a protective coat over the inflamed stomach lining, neutralising further acid formation as it arises.

Flatulence, heartburn, excess acidity, discomfort and pain all yield to this well-tried and trusted family medicine. Sometimes even a single dose is enough. So take a little friendly advice—keep a canister of DeWitt's Antacid Powder handy in the house. Take a dose at the slightest signs of stomach trouble and keep fit and free from after-meal miseries. For economy's sake, order the giant 4.6 canister—it contains two and a half times the quantity in the 2.6 size.

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain

It's Bournville Cocoa for me!



EVERY MORNING



A delicious drink to start the day right ... with its lovely chocolaty flavour, the energy and nourishment it gives you! Bournville is the ideal breakfast beverage.

EVERY NIGHT!



Relax at supper with a cup of Bournville Cocoa. It soothes tired nerves and encourages restful slumber. Make it a family health habit to enjoy Bournville Cocoa every night!



Try these Chocolate Muffins!

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. S.R. flour, 3 ozs. brown sugar, 1 heaped tablespoon Bournville Cocoa, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 3 ozs. margarine or butter, 1 egg, 1 cup of milk, grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon candied peel, shredded.
Method: Sift flour, cocoa and salt. Melt shortening with sugar. Add rind, peel, beaten egg and enough milk to make a rather stiff cake mixture. Half fill 8 deep greased patty or muffin tins. Bake in a quick oven (400°F) for 15 minutes.

The really economical
Food Drink

1'7 - $\frac{1}{2}$ LB.

3' - 1 LB.

Prices may be slightly higher
in some country areas

Cadbury's
BOURNVILLE COCOA

The cocoa with the REAL chocolaty flavour!

Fashion PATTERNS

Pattern for beginners

F6083.—Beginner's pattern for a fitted shortie. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Special price, 1/3.

F6082.—Feminine bouffant evening dress with contrast in skirt and bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 9yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Price 2/8.

F6084.—Wrap-around maternity skirt. Sizes 28 to 34in. waist. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F6085.—Soft dressmaker suit with short-cut jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 2/4.

F6086.—Slim one-piece designed with a draped skirt and floating panel. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F6087.—Dress designed on coat-frock lines has soft shoulder-line, and inverted pleats in skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 51.



F6082



F6083



F6084



F6085



F6086



F6087



IF IT'S FLATTERY YOU WANT
THIS IS FOR YOU!

Here's a new and lovelier line . . . a brassiere cleverly designed to give you flattering young curves, definite separation and comfortable control. Beautifully shaped to mould your bosom gently but firmly, the Curva-line is cut and stitched to keep its shape—and yours! Flatter your figure with this satin-and-lace Curva-line. Each size is made in three different cup-fittings, in Peach or White.

Curva-Line

by *Merica*

AVAILABLE FROM ALL LEADING STORES

Footnotes to Fashion
by *Gaynor*



Again the latest
Gaynor styles highlight
the fashion in footwear.

Gaynor—AUSTRALIA'S LOVELIEST SHOES

GS.25.12



The Lady knows what she is talking about!

NYAL CREOPHOS

....the obvious choice
for an After-'flu Tonic

Guess what the good lady is saying to her neighbour? That Nyal Creophos is about the finest thing you can take after a bout of 'flu? Could be! That one of the important ingredients of Creophos is a penetrating antiseptic known as Creosote? That, too, would be true. Sure the lady knows what she is talking about! So do thousands of other people who have found Creophos to be invaluable after 'flu. For Creophos is more than just a tonic—it is a combined cough mixture and tonic—one of the reasons why it is so effective in clearing up the stubborn cough that often follows 'flu.



Sold only by Chemists

Recognise your favourite Nyal medicine among the group above? Or is it another of the 160 dependable Nyal Family Medicines? Each of those illustrated has a special task in treating the simple, but annoying, ailments which accompany colds and 'flu. Nyal Cough Mixture (2/9), Nyal Bronchitis Mixture (3/-), Nyal Iodised Throat Tablets (1/3, 2/-), Nyal Cold Sore Lotion (1/6), Nyal Children's Cough Mixture (2/-, 3/-), Nyal Baby Cough Syrup (2/-, 3/-), Nyal Chest Rub (2/6), and Nyal Huskeys (1/4, 1/10). For your protection, the formula of each is plainly printed on the package.